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SCIENCE PONDERS MAN'S FUTURE

Sir Arthur Keith Expects the White Race to Win the Evolutionary Struggle—He Predicts That The Physically Vigorous, Normal Types Will Survive Rather Than the Big Brained

"Modern Civilization Is the Child of a Single Great Discovery—the Art of Agriculture."

A forecast of man's future is presented in this article by Sir Arthur Keith, the famous British anthropologist. In last Sunday's Magazine Sir Arthur reviewed the prehistoric past of man.

By Sir ARTHUR KEITH

SCIENCE, if she is to forecast the future, must first look backward; it is in the happenings of the past that she has to seek guidance for the future. Now, in our survey of man's past we have found some grounds for going forward in good heart. We have seen that man's evolutionary career, particularly in its later stages, has been one of rapid progress; in spite of many vacillations, of setbacks, of zigzags, he has passed from age to age, becoming ever richer, physically, mentally, morally and materially. Will this progress continue?

We base our chief hope of man's continued progress on the history of his brain. When we go back to pre-Miocene times we are in a world where the highest brain was not larger or more effective than that of the smaller apes or monkeys—a brain measuring, if we may take round numbers, about 100 cubic centimeters (6 cubic inches). In the Miocene period the great apes had appeared with brain volumes varying from 300 to 600 cubic centimeters; by the beginning of the Pleistocene period we find early types of mankind with brains varying in size from 950 to 1,300 cubic centimeters.

Among living races the average brain volume varies from 1,300 to 1,500 cubic centimeters, and the larger-brained races are the most progressive agents of civilization.

The man of science forecasts the future in the belief that the human brain will continue to expand, grow in power, becoming ever more capable of endowing the act of living with a greater zest and a deeper pleasure. He conceives the day coming when ordinary men and women will read the Einsteins and the Bergsons of the future with the same avidity as they now consume domestic fiction. He conceives the possibility of minds which will rise just as much above ours as ours rise about those of the chimpanzee and the gorilla.

One Great Mystery Remains

Our knowledge of man's brain and of its manner of working is ever increasing, but one great mystery remains—one which stands between the man of science and his attempt to forecast the future. Biblical writings have made us familiar with the phrase, "a chosen people." This phrase is applicable to every stage in the series of events which led on to the emergence of man.

In early Miocene times the great anthropoid became the elect, while the rest of his stock continued, and still continues, in the bondage of monkeydom. In later Miocene times the lot fell on a certain but unknown tribe of anthropoids; while this "chosen stock" passed on toward man's estate, the rest struggled onward, but almost unchanged, to become the gorilla, the chimpanzee and the orang of today.

In the modern world we see the same law of evolutionary election at work; the aborigines of Australia have remained, in body, brain and manner of living, in a prehistoric stage, while their Caucasian cousins have advanced to a "chosen" position. The man of science cannot yet explain why the brain of the Caucasian has advanced while that of the aborigine has apparently stood stock still.

He would like to think that by exercising their brains to the utmost men and women would produce a progressive effect on the brains of their children, but nowhere can he find evidence to support such a hope. Monkey, anthropoid and man have come by their cerebral outfit through no conscious effort on their part.

It is just because the man of science has been unable to solve the mystery of brain growth that he proceeds cautiously in attempting to read the future of mankind.

The student of evolution may enter a protest here: while admitting that he does not know the laws of brain growth, he will urge that the project of producing a big-brained race is perfectly feasible and easy. Among people of European stock we find brains of all sizes—small, medium and large. The laws of heredity are true: large-brained parents tend to produce large-brained children, and if the modern conditions of life favored the multiplication of the large-brained at the expense of medium-headed and small-headed folk, then a continued progress in the expansion of man's brain might be confidently expected.

The conditions of modern civilization—the civilization which took its rise in Babylonia and Egypt ten or twelve thousand years ago—are altogether different from those amid which man underwent the earlier stages of his evolution. Those who have studied modern civilization are agreed that it is the child of a single great discovery—the art of agriculture. Before that art was introduced man was a slave of the soil; after its introduction the soil became his slave and, speaking in metaphor, he then made it sprout human beings.

Vast Population Growth

We cannot place the beginnings of this new phase of man's life further back than 15,000 years at the utmost. Under these new conditions the population of the world has grown to 1,600,000,000; in pre-agricultural days the world's population did not, and could not, exceed 8,000,000 or 10,000,000.

The human species, in this new phase of its existence, has passed through an enormous experiment; there has been such a production of human beings and human brains as has never been known before. For one brain that was available for the operation of natural selection in olden times there are now at least 100.

If there is an inherent tendency in man's brain to expand in size and gain in power, that tendency, under the experimental conditions of modern civilization, has had ample opportunities of making itself manifest. It is when the anthropologist studies the results of this great experiment that he finds the warm hopes of (*Continued on Page 20*)

BRITISH TEA MISSIONARIES COME TO CONVERT US

They Will Plead With Americans to Drink More Freely of The Cup That Cheers but Does Not Inebriate

"To Whose Glorious Insipidity I Owe My Happiest Moments."

By P. W. WILSON

IT is, perhaps, characteristic of the Englishman's sense of humor that, in the festive year when Philadelphia celebrates the sesquicentennial of the Declaration of Independence, there should arrive on these shores two disciples of King George III whose mission it is to offer the very kind of tea which "Indians" insisted on brewing in Boston Harbor. Sir Charles Higham of advertising fame needs no introduction. And Gerald Kingsley is described as a hunter of big game who plants tea in his spare time. It will not be denied that if he plants tea on the United States he will have bagged as big a game as any still roaming at large in that jungle of international enterprise called commerce. He will have captured a cup more valuable than any lost by Sir Thomas Lipton.

The situation invites comment. Here are two friendly nations who speak the same language, read the same books, look at the same movies and dance the same Charleston, but yet refuse to share the same flowing bowl. In Britain a cold drink means wine, beer or spirits. But in the United States wine, beer and spirits are forbidden by law, and firewater, as it was called by the Mohawks and the Iroquois, consists of grape juice, lemonade and other cocktails. And so with a hot drink. In Britain it means tea; in the United States coffee, which doubtless is what the English-speaking union means when it says that blood is thicker than water.

Americans Are Coffee-Drinkers

About the facts of the case there can be no dispute. Of the entire output of coffee on this planet one-half is consumed in the United States. It means that the average American drinks sixteen times as many cups of coffee or drinks one cup sixteen times as strong as the average citizen inside the League of Nations, meaning the rest of the world.

But of tea an American only drinks about one-eighth of the world's supply and only one-third of the amount drunk in Britain. And it is this deplorable situation which Sir Charles Higham hopes to put straight.

If you ask an average American why she does not drink tea she will answer that it is bad for her nerves. She will drive an automobile at sixty miles an hour, argue with a policeman of Irish extraction, dance until 3 o'clock in the morning, march for miles in a parade down Fifth Avenue, see Rome in a day and Paris in an hour, purchase real estate in Florida and bathe in the surf at Honolulu, yet if she sips one of those cups which, according to Cowper, "cheer but not inebriate," she becomes a shattered wreck and has to have her complexion dewrinkled by a surgeon of the countenance. And whether Cowper would recognize as tea what she does sip is a question on which it would not be perhaps polite to offer an opinion.

The plain fact, as every doctor knows, is that if you take the strongest cup of tea that was ever drunk by King George III or any one else, it contains less of the poisons, dreaded by the most charming ladies on earth, than the weakest cup of coffee ever drunk by George Washington during the darkest days of the Revolutionary War. Coffee does not begin to be coffee until it has yielded more stimulant and destroyed more nerves than the most delightful pot of tea ever kept on the boil over a peat fire in Connemara.

Drink two cups of coffee and your hand shakes, your heart throbs, your brain reels and your physician tells you that you are suffering from blood pressure. But drink twenty cups of tea and your health is as completely restored as if you had spent the Summer on the Riviera. So say the apostles of tea.

While then Bach, the composer of those fugues that were as jazz to the eighteenth century, wrote a cantata to warn people against coffee, the arts have always welcomed a cup of tea. "Thank God for tea!" exclaimed Sidney Smith, the Dean Inge of his day; "what would the world do without tea? How did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea."

And Edmund Waller agreed. To this greatest of heaven's blessings he inscribed an entire poem, including the lines:

Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the soul serene.

One more witness must suffice. "Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid," wrote Colley Cibber, "thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate!"

Falling prostrate over a beverage is, of course, a form of devotion that may be misunderstood. But the poet means a prostration of soul, not of body—what Tennyson expressed in the line, "We live by admiration, hope and love"—admiration, hope and love, that is, of a good cup of tea.

Some of the prejudice against tea is due to the fact that Americans, anxious to safeguard their nerves, drink what is called green tea in preference to what is called black. Green tea tastes like straw and looks that color and, one shrewdly suspects, not without reason. Enough to say that this fluid is not what in England is meant by tea. And any restaurant supplying it would go bankrupt.

The Supreme Tea

That green tea often comes from China is a fact. China exports the tea that she prefers not to drink herself. It is also a fact that black tea comes from India and Ceylon. But the distinction is not geographical or latitudinarian; it is a distinction of cultivation and preparation for the market. If China has been, for the moment, surpassed in export by her competitors, it is because she has been careless of quality. Any kind of tea would do for the Western taste.

The supreme tea is, of course, not carried by ship at all but by caravan overland, for every hour on the ocean depreciates the flavor of this most responsive of commodities. Still, good tea—borne not by caravan but as cargo—is available if you are ready to pay for it. But even the poorest of Irish—that nation of experts in tea and tobacco—say that it is wise economy to buy the best. The Irish laborer pays a high price per pound and uses little of the leaf at a brew.

And here one is confronted by a curious phenomenon. One would have thought that there could be no two opinions as to the proper way to make a cup of tea. At Oxford and Cambridge there is no subject more carefully studied. Yet, despite the influence of Rhodes scholars throughout the United States, the most weird notions still prevail.

Over and over again one sees hot water poured into a cup or pot and the tea (enclosed in a cotton bag) then dipped into the rapidly cooling liquid—rather like a baby when given a bath. When the bag has been immersed for a few seconds it is withdrawn; and it is cheerfully assumed that a cup of tea has been brewed. It is perhaps enough to say that it is by some such method that Mr. Volstead would brew beer.

What, then, is the way that, in England, afternoon tea is prepared? First of all, green tea, as served here is unknown. Next, the tea is kept (or should be) in an air-tight caddy. It should be made always in a teapot. And the teapot should be warmed by some method before the tea is made. The usual allowance of tea for a meal is one teaspoonful for each person and an extra one for the pot. This provides three cups per head and a fourth for the men. The tea must be put first—not last—into the pot, and the water, poured on to it, must be actually boiling in the kettle. No tea made with water that has gone off the boil for even half a minute is worth the name.

It is quite true that Russians mix lemon with their tea. Perhaps it is enough to say that the custom has driven them to Bolshevism. Anyway, the proper and civilized ingredient is cream. And it should be poured into the cup before the tea and not afterward. If sugar is desired, it—like the cream—should precede the actual tea. Sugar is, however, a concession to persons who, in the appreciation of tea, are still amateurs. As their education proceeds they will like their tea without such adulteration.

The Same Tea That "Indians" Brewed in Boston Harbor.

Precisely why the nations when offered a choice between tea and coffee choose so differently is a secret known only to the housewife. The excellence of American coffee is terribly seductive to the immigrant. But Sir Charles Higham is entirely correct in saying that Britain owes her efficiency in the later afternoon to her cups of tea.

Tea Suspends All Snarls

Afternoon tea in a skyscraper would cost a mere trifle. It is social. It suspends all snarls. It helps everybody over the final effort of the working day. And if the consumption of alcohol has been reduced in Britain the reason is not legislation, for there has been no legislation (except during the war) that Americans would consider to be worth the trouble of print and paper. The reason is the discovery of an irresistible substitute for liquor. In the hottest weather the coolest drink is the hottest tea.

Hence it is certainly astonishing that the bitterest opponents of tea are often to be found among strict prohibitionists. Instead of using tea as their strongest ally they magnify and indeed invent its deleterious qualities, apparently oblivious to the fact that hot tea of a reasonable strength is merely because of the hot water of which it is composed—a most valuable guarantee of a good digestion. The idea that a college girl with a flask in her vanity bag is less in danger of hysteria than her cousin who, at 4 o'clock, chats for ten minutes over a cup of tea is surely unproved by the actual facts.

"They Refuse to Share the Same Flowing Bowl."

Lake Avernus, Which the Ancients Believed Was Fed by the River Styx of the Nether Regions.

VIRGIL'S HADES GIVES UP ITS SECRETS

Archaeologists Explore Famous "Flaming Fields" of Antiquity, Near Naples, in Effort to Substantiate Myth

By ALMA REED

HADES becomes the latest archaeologic field, for science is attempting to locate the netherworld of Virgil's "Aeneid."

The abode of Shades visited by Aeneas, the legendary founder of Rome, soon may be described in terms of latitude and longitude. After centuries of isolation in the realm of poetic fancy, it may be pinned down before long to a fixed place on the map. Steadily encroaching on fable, geography purposes to annex it, just as it annexed the once mythical Troy.

Recent exploration has determined the approximate whereabouts of Pluto's elusive kingdom. Its surface area, at least, is now clearly defined on the Phlegraean Plains of Southern Italy—a strange, volcanic region, associated in the minds of the ancients with mystery and terror. This land lies within sight of Vesuvius and just beyond the narrow ridge that separates the Gulf of Naples from the Bay of Pozzuoli. Running westward to the Tyrrhenian Sea, it claims a rocky strip of coast from Miseno's high, desolate headland to the lower tip of Gaeta's crescent harbor. A broken range of yellow tufa hills marks its northern boundary.

Victory for Italian Science

Reality's new conquests in the Campi Flegrei, or Flaming Fields, were won by Italian science. Quietly, during the past few years, and almost secretly, experts from the National Museum and the Royal University of Naples have studied its contours, boring into the depths in an effort to establish the topography of the Aeneid. This group, headed by Professor Maiuri, Director of the museum, includes archaeologists, classical scholars and geologists. Their chief aids are legend and tradition, which designate this land as the background of the sixth book of Virgil's epic.

The Poet Laureate of Augustus knew the region well, and Italian archaeologists believe that it served him as a setting for the imaginary adventures of his hero. At any rate, they find woven into the story of the divine origin of the Roman Empire a faithful record of travel over the Campi Flegrei.

Their exploration aims to cover the Trojan's wanderings, from his arrival on the "Euboean strand of Cumae" until he steered his galleys northward to the mouth of the Tiber. When the program is completed, the objectives of this eventful journey will be mapped as actual sites. One may follow him into the Sibyl's Cave to hear the oracle of his destiny; through the sunless woods that border Lake Avernus in search of the golden bough; and down to the jutting promontory where the body of the trumpeter Misenus awaited burial.

In the nether world, too, science plans to run a guide-line of fact through the confusing maze of fable. All those "terrible and marvelous places" along the path of Aeneas and the aged prophetess will be indicated by the proposed chart. On the itinerary of the tourist of the future will appear the dismal domain guarded by triple-headed Cerberus; the ferry of old Charon across the River Styx; the drear abyss of Tartarus, pierced by the wailings of tormented sinners; and Elysium, haven of the virtuous, where Aeneas met his father and witnessed the pageantry of Roman history.

Already the excavator's spade has reclaimed important sites from the borderland of myth. The present stage of the investigation centres in the Cumaean acropolis. Almost daily the ruins of the Temple of Apollo crowning its towering height and the Cave of the Sibyl hollowed out of its southeastern side yield fresh proof of the accuracy of Virgil's pictures.

Little remains of the temple save the foundation and the bases of several columns. Violence and caprice, both of man and nature, have left few vestiges of former grandeur. Yet archaeology is able to identify the heap of broken stone as the stately fane hailed by Aeneas with gratitude and hope as he neared the Cumaean shore.

The structure had a golden roof then, and the perfection of its white marble was famed as the triumph of the art of Daedalus. This unrivaled master, legend holds, escaped from the labyrinth of King Minos. With wings made of feathers and wax he and his son Icarus took flight from Crete. Overdaring, the youth flew too near the sun. The heat melted the wax of his wings and he fell into the sea that still bears his name. Safely alighting at Cumae, Daedalus erected a temple in honor of Apollo where he touched the welcome earth again. On its massive portals he carved the cruel tragedy of the Minotaur and of the Cretan Queen. Twice he tried to record in gold the fate of Icarus, but, overpowered by grief, his hands fell helpless.

Sacred to Pluto

Research discloses no other account of the building of Apollo's temple. It is vaguely known that in the dim dawn of history, probably between the seventh and eighth centuries B. C., colonists from Euboea and Aeolia founded a city on the ruins of the Phoenician town Hyperia. They called it Cumae, perhaps because some of the colonists were from Kyme, the Aeolian capital. It was the first Greek settlement on the Italian mainland, and the cradle of Hellenic civilization in Europe. Its temple became the seat of the cult of Apollo throughout Magna Graecia and the whole district of volcanic fires was held sacred to Pluto and his Queen Persephone. Art flourished in the service of religion, and here the enduring flame of that noblest culture was lighted for the Western world.

Tombs cut into the huge pavement stones and some crude floor mosaics show that the pagan temple was early converted into a Christian church. The golden, gem-studded roof, regarded as one of the wonders of antiquity, is said to have been part of the rich loot hoarded in the citadel by the Goths in the middle of the sixth century, and later hidden by them in a subterranean chamber, after a long siege made their position hopeless. The tale has lured many a treasure hunter to Cumae. But only archaeology can test its truth. For the imperial General Narses undermined the stronghold by scooping out the Sibyl's cave. And when he burned its temporary supports, the walls and the gates of the ancient fortification came crashing down into the enormous pit. Today this vast pile of grass-grown wreckage guards the secret of the Goths—and other secrets, far more precious, locked in the depths of Apollo's shrine.

Michael Angelo's Conception of the Cumaean Sibyl.
From the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

Terrible havoc has been wrought within, but the exterior of the Sibyl's cave is very much as Aeneas might have found it. Skilfully hewn out of the rock, it gives, as was evidently intended, the impression of a large natural opening. Quite recently faint outlines of mystical symbols have been discovered in the deep recessed vault of the entrance.

Virgil tells of a hundred doors that led from the temple to the Sibyl's sanctuary beneath, and from which a hundred voices issued in answer to her call. Italian archaeologists have found and excavated fourteen circular shafts communicating with the temple from the heart of the cave. Each mouth measures about two feet in diameter and was originally topped by the life-sized statue of a goddess. Through the bronze head of each goddess ran a little tube, terminating at her half-parted lips. Several of these statues have been recovered from the débris and may be seen in the Naples Museum. They leave no room for doubt as to the Sibyl's "technique." Still, the wise and the great journeyed to Cumae from all parts of the ancient world to hear the voice of fate through the bronze lips of the goddesses, or to read her decrees in verses inscribed on laurel leaves.

The task undertaken by Italian archaeology is difficult and complicated and will require years of patient labor. The present face of the Campi Flegrei differs from the one that Virgil knew. As a result, formidable barriers often rise in the path of research. Here the despoiler has been ruthless and nature strangely wanton. Earthquakes and glowing lava floods have completely erased a number of significant landmarks. Mountains suddenly shooting from the depths of the earth have swallowed lakes and diverted rivers. Bordered with submerged palaces, the golden shore of Baia gives dramatic evidence of tidal waves that plunged wide areas into the sea.

"Pestilent Avernus"

The enterprise of Roman Emperors has helped also to alter the landscape. The twin lakes of Avernus and Lucrinus, fed, according to the then current belief by an overflow from the Styx, underwent marked changes shortly before Virgil and Horace walked together along their shores. Originally the "Pestilent Avernus" had no natural outlet. As its Greek name, Aornos, signifies, the region was without birds, a condition due to the deadly vapors that drifted across the lake's surface. When Augustus connected it with Lake Lucrinus to form a naval harbor for the Roman fleet, it is said that the poisonous fumes disappeared. In any event, Avernus is now a sparkling body of water and its banks a favorite picnic spot for Neapolitans.

Surrounding Avernus were the Tartarean forests, likened by the poet to

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MANHATTAN GOES IN FOR GREEN GARDENS

Fortunes Are Spent for Verdant and Flowery Plots in the Heart of the City of Steel and Stone—Drab Neighborhoods Are Wondrously Transformed Into Beauty Spots by Art's Magic

The City Garden of the Misses White at 115 East Fifty-fifth Street.
Ruth Dean, Landscape Architect. Photo © Amemiya.

By VIRGINIA POPE

A RENAISSANCE of gardening is in progress in New York, luring back to the town, often at great expense, some of the verdant beauty that nature gave it in the long ago, before the day of brownstone fronts and skyscrapers. Oases large and small, jewels of brilliant hue in the metropolitan matrix of mortar and steel, are to be found in steadily increasing numbers in citified neighborhoods where such loveliness might least be expected. And some of these beauty spots are as handsome in Winter as in Summer.

One green island soon to appear is that which Thomas Fortune Ryan is preparing to make at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street. To the north of his graystone house, in the block between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets, a wall some forty feet in length marks one side of Mr. Ryan's present garden, which runs 153 feet back from the avenue and then, turning a right angle, continues 100 feet north to Sixty-seventh Street, forming an L around the old Yerkes house.

Veritable Little Edens

The announcement made last Winter that Mr. Ryan intended to enlarge this site to include the corner plot is already borne out by the fact that the Yerkes house has yielded to wreckers' tools. It is razed to the ground, and only the brick foundations of the old residence remain. Plans for Mr. Ryan's garden are being made by the architects, Carrere & Hastings. When completed it will measure 153 by 100 feet.

Mr. Ryan's fondness for an open space, for clipped hedges and the plastic grace of white marbles, is shared by many others in New York, who, while not indulging their whims on quite so large a scale, have created planted areas that are veritable little Edens.

In East Fifty-second Street, between Madison and Park Avenues, the smart exterior of No. 61, with its gay window boxes, hides what is probably the most exquisite miniature garden in the City of New York; one which, for that matter, might well challenge the gardens of its size in any other city. A garden? asks the skeptic. Why the house is barely thirteen feet wide. But never was a tiny dwelling place, a "one-man house," as Benjamin Wood, its owner, calls it, provided with a greater sense of spaciousness.

The garden, which does not exceed the house in width and is barely twenty feet in length, is first glimpsed through the tall arched doorways of the vaulted Italian living room. As the glass doors swing back, the spectator looks out and imagines he is gazing down a long vista, for over and beyond the fountain with its "putto," standing in the centre of a basin of sparkling water, is what at first appears to be an arcade extending far away—in fact, almost to the other side of the block, piercing the very heart of the brick building that rises solidly above the garden wall.

Closer inspection reveals that William Lawrence Bottomley, the architect, has cleverly availed himself of the false perspective so freely used by the Italians and the French of the seventeenth century. The colonnade, which seems to be 70 feet in length, is a bare 7 feet in depth. Its proportions, worked out on a scale of 1 to 10, are perfect. The focal point of the garden is a diminutive fountain at the distant end of the arcade.

Ivy-Circled Columns

Exceptionally fine are the pierced brick walls that divide it from the adjoining yards. To the whole an atmosphere of daintiness is given by means of the light way in which the planting is handled; festoons of ivy encircle the columns and connect the ornamental jars that top the piers. A gallant ailantus stands guard over this bit of fairyland, in which it is not hard to imagine that Puck disports himself on a moonlight night.

Our New York gardens are different in character from those of the Old World. They lack their antiquity. Perforce, they are deprived of the old trees and shrubs, the fountains that time has clothed in a robe of mossy green. Yet many of ours are richer in the variety of their ornamentation. Some of them are like delighted mosaics and have a warmth of color that is composed of the best of many lands. There are jardinières recalling sunny Spain; Madonnas against a soft blue background are reminiscent of the skies of Italy, well modeled statues suggest the shady nooks of Versailles. And all this mêlée of loveliness holds its own in the simple conventional American setting.

We, too, are learning to look rearward rather than streetward. The old back yard with its string of fluttering linen is fast disappearing in those parts of town that are being reclaimed from oblivion, those quarters where the old brick and brownstone houses have descended to levels below their former dignity. In the past, though not so long ago, the parlor and the dining room looked out on the street and the kitchen occupied the rear. Now that old fronts are replaced by new, the order has changed. When the high stoops went, the sitting room and the dining room were transferred from the front to the back, becoming garden rooms, whose open windows admit the perfume of flowers with the Spring breezes.

New Yorkers have at times been accused of selfishness. With the renaissance of the garden, their reputation on this score must be whitewashed. On every side a get-together spirit is in evidence. "Scrap your fence and I'll scrap mine" is the popular slogan. The community garden is rapidly becoming one of the city's most cherished possessions.

About the first of these gardens, certainly the pioneer in Greenwich Village, was started by Dr. John Armstrong Wade on the property adjoining the Church of St. John the Evangelist, of which he is the rector. With the aid of a well-wisher of the parish several of the little old red brick houses at Perry and Eleventh Streets, which had degenerated into rooming houses, were bought. From the street side little or no visible change was made, but where clotheslines and ash cans had been the only decorations, a veritable miracle was wrought.

Unkempt surfaces gave way to neat paths, hemmed in by lines of red bricks that circled around flower beds and small pools from which rose marble basins. Homely back doors vanished; in their places were built rounded arches and little Gothic porticos; ramshackle back porches were metamorphosed into terraces on the tops of whose pilasters perched stone lions and griffins. Gentle madonnas nestled against the walls which had formerly served as the repository of brooms and ladders. Trellises were built. From the velvety carpet of green grass dwarf fruit trees and

Fountain Detail in City Garden at 138 East Thirty-seventh Street.
Ruth Dean, Landscape Architect. © Amemiya.

One Corner of the Group of Turtle Bay Gardens.

The Garden of Benjamin Wood's One-Man House at 61 East Fifty-second Street.

William Lawrence Bottomley, Architect. Photo by S. H. Gottscho.

rose bushes lifted their flowering crowns.

The community garden of the Turtle Bay quarter is up to the present time the most magnificent of such developments in New York City. Not far from the rattling of the Third Avenue elevated and the clanging of the Second Avenue surface cars, between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets, is a stretch of garden unique in character, charm and loveliness. It suggests strongly some corner of Florence—one of those gardens whose trailing vines peep out over a friendly wall seen en route to Fiesole. But even here comparisons must seem out of place.

The architects, Edward Clarence Dean and William Lawrence Bottomley, have given the backs of the twenty-nine houses that made up the Turtle Bay Gardens a something that smacks of sunnier and warmer climates and an older civilization than ours. The face of each of the houses (one may speak of them thus, they are so full of individuality and character) has been treated in a way of its own. They are soft-hued and have no look of being freshly "made up."

A Rose-Colored Loggia

There are so many things to be seen in this green island that it is impossible to grasp them all on an initial visit. Up yonder near the blue sky is a rose-colored loggia. Here, closer at hand, a brick stairway leads from the second floor to the terrace below, its balustrade set with variegated majolica jars, bright and lustrous as beads in an Oriental necklace. Exquisite little balconies, edged with iron grillings as delicate as lace, jut out over the swaying green branches.

Why make mention of houses in a discussion of gardens? Because the typical Turtle Bay house and its garden are as much a part of each other as the foreground and the background of a picture. The motif of the garden is carried up into the house, taken up in its window boxes and ornamentations. Each garden is as individually treated by the owner as his house is, yet all are harmonious parts of the whole.

Low partitions of masonry or shrubbery, never exceeding two feet in height, separate the individual entities. All open out on a main walk, extending from one end of the garden to the other. (The aggregate garden is shut off from the world without the pale by high pink stucco walls.) Between the crevices of the broken flags tiny rock plants look skyward. At the middle point of the path is a vine-covered arbor and just beyond is a great basin around whose pedestal slender iris cluster in the Spring.

A tangle of green foliage casts its filigreed shadow over the ground in the Summer. There are fruit trees in profusion, while hemlock, euonymous, locust, box and many other species abound.

There are many less pretentious community gardens, breathing spaces, within the city limits. There is, for example, the one started by Mrs. Winston Hagen in East Sixty-eighth Street. She, too, can be reckoned among the pioneers, for some years ago she advocated the cleaning up and beautifying of back yards in West Ninth Street. Now she can point to eight or ten verdant plots on either side of her own ivy-grown area, and call attention to the fact that the results achieved have been without any great expenditure of money.

The Gardens of Sutton Place

In a class quite by itself is the garden of the Sutton Place settlement, in which are the homes of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Miss Anne Morgan and Miss Elisabeth Marbury among others. It is unlike any of the gardens described, in that it has distinctly a note of earlier New York, the New York that was inspired by England. Here we have a bit of Cheyne Walk. It was with the Chelsea Embankment in mind that Mott Schmidt planned a large number of the houses grouped about the open stretch of lawn that runs to the edge of the slope leading down to the river.

There is no uniformity in the construction. Next to Mrs. Vanderbilt's English house is Miss Morgan's, in the style of American Colonial days. Some terraces are raised above the level of the garden, while one or two are sunk beneath it. The whole is handled in a very simple manner.

Unlike Turtle Bay, the main garden is a smooth table of green which backs up to the terraces, their diversified treatment being thought a sufficient decoration. It is girdled by a stone path, which takes its course along the outer edge, there where the steep embankment descends. Roses and privet grow up over the slope. A simple iron railing follows the line of the garden on the water side. The garden is completely enclosed to the north and west by houses, on the south by a brick wall. Its greatest pride is a splendid old willow.

Lest it be thought that the renaissance of gardening is confined solely to community developments, it must be said that there are countless private efforts, each with a distinct flavor of its own. For example, there is a flower plot behind the residence of Mrs. Gamble Rogers, at 164 East Seventieth Street, in which she grows only bulbs. In the Spring sun's warmth her garden becomes a waving field of jonquils, tulips and narcissus.

Then there is the quaint beauty of the garden of the Misses White, at 115 East Fifty-fifth Street, designed by Ruth Dean. It is noticeable for the delightful use of terra-cotta tiles as an ornamental motif along the upper reaches of the wall. A little stone "putto" in a niche is the only statue that adorns it. A fragile Japanese cherry tree blooms when Jack Frost has lifted his hand from the land.

Back Yard Transformed

One of the most interesting features of the transformed back yard is the diversity of treatment that can be given it. The yard is limited in size, as a rule 20 by 20 feet. No two yards are alike: each one has an individuality of its own. The once unromantic area that lay behind 138 East Thirty-seventh Street has been converted by Miss Dean into a spot that breathes poetry. Cool, gray concrete walls surround it; against them a magnolia tree blooms in the Spring, and the grateful privet helps to clothe their nudity when the Autumn winds have stripped the other bushes. At the far end of the garden is a fountain—a niche treated in the manner of the French Renaissance; from its side a bronze dolphin sends forth a merry silver stream into the basin below.

Two other gardens on the upper east side are exquisite exponents of what can be done with a small plot of ground. One belongs to Mrs. P. T. Iaccaci, at 126 East Eightieth Street; the other one, designed and formerly owned by Mrs. E. A. Schroeder, is at 172 East Sixty-fourth Street. They demonstrate in particular the taste that can be used in planting. Flanking either side of an open space leading from the house through the centre of the garden thick banks of shrubbery have been planted, their foliage introducing a veritable scale of green, ranging from the waxen leaves of the rhododendron to the almost black needles of dwarf pines. Both are enlivened and ornamented by statuary, adding a touch of formality which suggests more spacious gardens.

Garden Designed by Mrs. E. A. Schraeder at 172 East Sixty-fourth Street.

Photo by M. E. Hewitt.

A CATHEDRAL FOR CHILDREN RISES IN THE RAMAPOS

They Conduct Their Own Non-Sectarian Service in Unique Church Built by the Little Community of Walden

Children Conduct the Entire Service.

By ANNE LEE

A CHURCH for children has been established by the people of Walden, N. Y., a manufacturing town of 7,000 in the Ramapo Mountains, not far above the New Jersey line. It is a church of all creeds, a church wherein religion is simplified to appeal to the child mind, where children may learn to worship by taking complete charge of the service.

In its newly completed Cathedral for All Children, this isolated village—for Walden, within fifty miles of New York City, is fourteen miles from the nearest passenger station—boasts an experiment unique in the religious history of the country. According to the villagers, the Rev. Dr. J. Brett Langstaff has accomplished it all, but the rector insists that it is the people who should have the credit, for their support and cooperation made the experiment possible.

Volunteers Built the Church

Volunteer labor built the Cathedral for All Children. Walden is not a wealthy town. It is decidedly "middle class." Large knife factories, some of the largest in the country, are established there. It is essentially a workingman's town, and it is doubtful whether a single family of great means lives there.

Townspeople of all creeds showed their interest in the project by volunteering their services. Shoulder to shoulder, day by day, after finishing their regular day's labor, Walden's bricklayers, masons, painters, plasterers, woodworkers, painters and decorators worked together on the cathedral. During the months that he directed the volunteer workers and while his dream was taking material form, Dr. Langstaff was busy organizing Walden's children into a church body.

Now the rector is testing the dream that began in London several years ago while he was directing the David Copperfield Library for Children. That library, in the boyhood home of Charles Dickens at 13 Johnson Street, in the slums of London's Somerstown, was founded and organized by Dr. Langstaff in 1920.

The library was a great success from the start. About 150 children could be accommodated at a time. Looking after these children required care and time, more time than the rector-librarian had to give. The necessity of finding some one to look after the children, coupled with the lack of funds to employ a staff, suggested the experiment of organizing a children's committee.

This experiment in getting children to conduct the library proved most successful. Dr. Langstaff believes it demonstrates that if children are given the chance they can work out ways for themselves: that all sorts of responsibility can be put on them and they will enjoy it. And it was this experiment which suggested a church of the children, by the children and for the children which has come into being at Walden.

There is room for 400 children in the brick building, which measures 48 by 100 feet. Already the congregation includes children of the Roman Catholic, Orthodox Greek, Hebrew, Dutch Reformed, Baptist and Methodist faiths, in addition to the Episcopalian children from Dr. Langstaff's own church, St. Andrew's. The Sunday service begins promptly at 9:30 and lasts just a half hour. This permits the children to attend Sunday school services at their respective churches following the cathedral service.

The Habit of Worship

What Dr. Langstaff hopes to accomplish in his unique church is to teach children how to worship. "People can worship in a thousand different ways," he said. "It is the habit of worship that's important, and it is the habit of worship that I hope to implant in the children. They may become anything when they grow up. There is small gain in bothering a child about doctrines. If you teach him the proper attitude, that is all that is needed. All the details taught in our schools amount to very little compared with the attitude toward study."

It was explained that the children's service does not follow any particular religion; but that it is based on an old form of service, on the old mass of the Catacumens. The rector's idea is to make the service one of personal contact—the contact of children with other children (grown folks are not encouraged to be present) and of children with the Church and the service, by their own performance of the service.

"That is the charm of the tutorial system. It is the sort of thing we are trying to get back to in our universities," said Dr. Langstaff. "At Harvard we had thousands of facts crammed into our heads; at Oxford we learned how to study. By using the Oxford system, the tutorial system, I hope to teach the children how to worship."

The half-hour service includes prayers, the recital of the Ten Commandments and the Apostle's Creed (that being the one used by most churches), the reading of the Gospel story, the sermon and hymns. It is all most serious, but done in a way to appeal to the child-fancy, and the children conduct the entire service, even to the preaching (or reading) of the sermon. They will take turns for all offices so that each may have his turn at being a senior warden, junior warden, member of the vestry, minister and so on.

"As one goes back into the early history of the Church, one finds most charming things that are sure to appeal to children. For the Cathedral for All Children I have taken from all churches whatever I thought would appeal to the child, trying to avoid slavishly copying anything by adapting the ideas to child needs and child fancies," Dr. Langstaff explained. "The ecclesiastical service has acquired much that is for grown-ups only. The child must have simple things, but things which retain all the original charm and beauty. The child likes symbolism, but it needs a symbolism it can understand, a symbolism differing from that of the regular church service."

One of his methods of inducing children to express their religion in a natural, child-like way is through the old religious mystery plays. These will be done in the chancel of the cathedral as a religious ceremony, as they were originally intended to be done.

Another factor in arousing the child's natural religion may be found in the pale blue ceiling which represents the firmament and shows various constellations, such as Pegasus, the Deer and the Great Bear, in a manner to appeal to the child-mind. These constellations are not presented in their conventional forms but in a way to appeal to children.

"One of the great troubles of the present day is that we have forgotten our natural religion," said Dr. Langstaff. "The way humanity first came to the belief that there was a great God who worked outside the universe was through studying the constellations and developing a natural religion."

The rector's plan is to have the children meet during the week for religious education which they will get through the repetition of a ritual of initiation. Everything that adults get in the way of church organizations will be reproduced for the children, but theirs will be children's organizations handled in a child's way.

Beauty is not only a child's right, but an important part of his early, as well as later, life, says Dr. Langstaff, and much thought and care have been expended to create a beauty of spirit and form in Walden's unique church. The plaster walls of the nave are decorated like Caen stone in color and outlines, with the large plaster pilasters on either side done in deep blue to contrast with the light blue ceiling. The furniture is of wood and painted a Caen stone color, decorated with blue and gold. Silver paper (originally made to cover candy boxes) covers the chancel walls, and the choir stalls are covered with a Chinese gold metal paper. Flat conch shells, brought by Dr. Langstaff from the Philippines, were used for the mosaic work on the reredos, in the centre of which are two bambino casts brought from Florence.

Three steps lead to the altar where stands a huge old Bishop's chair, wonderfully carved (it was once the property of the original St. Bartholomew's Church) and surmounted by a great blue mitre studded with jewels. A Baldachino canopy over the altar completes the kingly illusion so dear to child minds.

Between the chancel and the nave is an image screen, an idea borrowed from the Greek Orthodox Church. By means of a magic lantern, pictures are thrown on the screen above the huge doors that open into the sanctuary. Part of the screen is utilized to show reproductions of paintings by the world's great artists. During service the prayers, the creed, the Commandments and the hymns are flashed on the screen.

Gospel Story Is Illustrated

When the service begins, the doors in the screen are opened by two boys. A third, who stands in the centre of the doorway, announces "The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him." During the reading of the gospel story, a suitable illustration is flashed upon the screen, the actions of reader and operator being properly timed. No reference whatever is made to the slide, but the children are helped to visualize the lesson, also their attention is held.

Music is furnished by an orchestra and miniature pipe organ with child players and two choirs, one of thirty boys, the other of thirty-five girls. Choir members wear vestments similar to those used at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The boys' choir, which leads the procession, takes its place in the front of the church, and the girls' choir goes into the singing gallery at the back. They sing antiphonally; one choir sings one verse and the other the next. This has been found to attract the attention and overcome fidgeting in the child congregation. The singing gallery is another adaptation from the Greek Church.

So far, Dr. Langstaff has not decided whether the girls are to have equal rights with the boys in the Cathedral for All Children. He is inclined to believe that they would be backward about assuming any of the major duties of the church, and for the present the girls will content themselves with being members of the congregation; that is, those who are not in the choir. The Cathedral for All Children has established tentative age limits of five to fourteen.

Dr. Langstaff emphasizes the point that his idea is still in its infancy so far as practicability is concerned; that changes and additions will be made as their need becomes apparent.

Interior of the Children's Cathedral at Walden, N. Y.

Photos by the Smith Studio.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE ENTERTAINS AGAIN

Paris Visits Her Home, Looks at Her Portrait, And Revives Old Dispute Over Her Beauty

By HAROLD CALLENDER

PARIS.

MME. DE SEVIGNE has been entertaining lately. Two hundred and thirty years after her death, her beloved Hotel Carnavalet has been opened to the public. And here, in what was her home for nineteen years, she has been keeping open house.

Thousands of visitors have passed through her salon, her gallery, her study, her boudoir. They have examined through lorgnettes and reading glasses her loose, flowing script, and read aloud from the originals of endearing letters to her daughter. They have gazed at her leather-bound books, her ornately lacquered escritoire, her capacious inkwell.

They have admired her fireplaces in greenish and grayish marble, one surmounted by a tall golden clock embellished with figures of chariot horses in a mad gallop. They have looked from her high windows upon her sunny garden and the narrow streets of the Marais, once the most fashionable quarter of Paris. They have scrutinized her glass-bespangled candelabra, her carved wainscoting, her chairs, her bureau. They have inspected her mirrors, her toilet set in red lacquer, a remnant of one of her gowns, and her bed with its cover of light green brocaded satin. They have even stared into her face in the paintings which hang on the walls in quest of an answer to the still baffling question: Was she pretty?

That question has been kept fitfully alive ever since conflicting portraits by pen and brush began to appear in the latter half of the seventeenth century. From the time when the seventeen-year-old heiress Marie de Rabutin-Chantal married the Marquis Henri de Sévigné the question of her beauty became a moot point in the world of art and society, as later it was kept alive in the world of belles-lettres. The half century had just been turned when Marie, whose charm was admitted even by those who disputed her beauty, was left a widow—her wastrel husband having fallen in a duel over another woman.

Madame de Sévigné never remarried. She consoled herself in friendships and in the correspondence with her daughter—the famous letters in which she reflected the history of her time, and, in the literary sense at least, made history.

It is, one imagines, with somewhat ironic amusement—though, of course, with the graciousness of a born hostess—that the Marquise looks down now from the lofty wall upon her heterogeneous company. For Marie de Sévigné, whatever else may be said of her, could scarcely be called democratic. To hear herself discussed in several tongues, to see a long procession of visitors from beyond the seas exhibit an ardent interest in even the trifles of her household, must appear somewhat droll to this modest, retiring, unambitious seventeenth century lady who sought only to pass a peaceful life among her children, a few intimates and her books; who wrote purely to relieve the almost unbearable pangs of loneliness that overtook her when she parted from her daughter; to beguile long hours in her Breton retreat, or to divert absent friends.

Formally Thrown Open

But the throng that invaded her apartments day after day was innocent of indelicacy. There was, perhaps, a certain veneration, a certain historical interest, mingled with their simple, human curiosity. Moreover, the City of Paris, through the President of the republic and other dignitaries, had formally thrown open the doors of Carnavalet and offered to all the world, at the price of 3 francs, the privilege of stepping into one of the most illustrious salons in history.

While a visit to Mme. de Sévigné's salon does not dissipate the dispute which has so long centred upon her historic charms, it helps to explain it. One of the most interesting facts to be known about any woman is the degree of beauty she possesses. In the case of the Marquise, her remaining unmarried after the death of her husband, when she was only 25, though there were suitors apparently worthy of consideration; and the conflicting testimony of contemporaries, including the artists who painted her portrait, have all contributed to make the question of her beauty one of those debatable issues that in France are discussed decade after decade—in her case, nearly three centuries.

Lamartine, who wrote a delectable study of Mme. de Sévigné as a mother, regards her as having been a veritable beauty. Others have written that her eyes differed both in size and color, that her eyelids were irregular and not matched, her jaw somewhat heavy, her nose "a little square at the end." Comte Roger de Bussy-Rabutin, her cousin, who quarreled with her and was apparently among her unsuccessful suitors and therefore not an unbiased observer, remarked that she was "the prettiest woman in the world—to be the wife of another," that she was "of a cold temperament, at least if one may believe her late husband; all her warmth was of the mind." On the other hand, the Abbé Arnauld, who saw her in the flesh, testifies to a beauty as remarkable as that perceived by Lamartine from a distance of two centuries.

Mme. de La Fayette, for many years a close friend of Marie de Sévigné, did not go quite as far as Bussy-Rabutin, though she paid the Marquise the somewhat dubious compliment of saying: "When one listens to you one no longer notices that your features lack something of regularity, and one grants you the most complete beauty in the world. The brilliance of your mind gives such a great refulgence to your complexion and your eyes that, though wit apparently reaches only the ears, yours certainly dazzles the eyes as well."

Boissier, another of the Marquise's able biographers, after carefully weighing the evidence, concludes that the painters who left likenesses of Mme. de Sévigné—though they were among the best artists of the period—unwittingly did her injustice. For they could not, he believes, represent upon canvas the peculiar quality of her beauty, since it was not wholly, perhaps not chiefly, physical.

The six portraits in the Hôtel Carnavalet reveal some interesting points in relation to Boissier's theory. At least three of them fail to carry the conviction that Mme. de Sévigné possessed unusual characteristics of any sort. In only one is their an unmistakable glimpse of the animation, the mental quickness and poise, that made the author of "La Princesse de Clèves" forget facial imperfections.

Mme. Marie de Sévigné.

By Mignard. Photo Braun & Co., Paris.

But if the distinguishing traits of the Marquise have been scarcely more than suggested by the painters, her far from classic features have been only too carefully drawn. The nose, in most cases, is a bit broad, the jaw a little long, the eyes in two portraits suggest something Oriental.

The most pleasing of the pictures—and, one hopes, the most accurate—is that by Pierre Mignard, now the property of Mademoiselles Luçay, descendants of the Marquise. It is believed to have been painted between 1670 and 1675. Mme. de Sévigné tells of a visit to Mignard's studio. "I didn't see Mignard," she says. "He was painting Mme. de Fontevrault, at whom I looked through a hole in the door. I did not find her pretty. The Abbé Têtu was with her, engaged in badinage. The Villars were at that hole with me; we had lots of fun."

Her Blue Eyes Shine

Mme. de Sévigné, at the time of the portrait, was probably in her forties. In this three-quarters right profile her blue eyes are wide and animated and there is blood in her cheeks. The shoulders are bare and her small pearl necklace is just large enough to encircle her throat. A black rosette is pinned to her white gown. The right arm is across the body, thumb and forefinger extended. The whole impression is of vitality, as though the subject had been caught in the midst of a lively conversation. A charming, if not precisely beautiful, woman.

None of the other versions so well conveys that sprightliness and gayety which enabled the Marquise to enjoy such escapades as peeking through the door while a grande dame sat for a fashionable painter. Nanteuil's pastel, which because of its faint colors is more striking when reproduced in black and white, shows a sedate, round-faced lady, not especially attractive. So does Ferdinand

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Where Mme. de Sévigné Lived in Paris. Court of the Hotel Carnavalet, Showing the Bas-Reliefs of the Four Seasons by Jean Goujon.

Wide World Photo.

THE EPIC OF '76: COLONIES LOSE CANADA

May Opened With Rout of American Forces at Quebec, But Little Rhode Island Joined the Revolution

The first week of May, 1776, was a disastrous one for the Colonies, for it witnessed the retirement of the American forces from before Quebec after a heavy expenditure of lives and treasure. By this failure the "Fourteenth Colony" was permanently lost and our northern frontier was endangered. But in this same week Rhode Island came out for independence, and the independence party in Congress, headed by John Adams, made pronounced headway. These events are pictured in the following article, the third of a series portraying, week by week, the drama of Independence Year.

By R. L. DUFFUS

ON May 6, 1776, three British men-of-war dropped anchor in the St. Lawrence River below Quebec and began to land troops. Outside the walls lay an American Army of 1,900 men, the remnants of a force which had been besieging the city since the preceding November. The Americans lacked clothing, shoes, blankets and food. They had, incredible as it seems, no more than a hundred pounds of powder. Half the soldiers were sick, most of them with smallpox. They were thinly scattered in exposed positions over an extended front.

Since May 1 General John Thomas, sent to supersede General Wooster, had been trying to decide whether or not to withdraw his troops. On purely tactical grounds there seemed nothing else to do. But there was more than tactics to consider.

In the first place, the possession of Canada seemed necessary to the protection of the American frontier. If the British held Quebec and Montreal they could send forces down the line of Lake Champlain and the Hudson and attack the Colonies in the rear and on the flank. Already they had been dickering with the Iroquois, and the great plan which was to result in Burgoyne's invasion in the following year had been formulated.

Canada Had Become a Symbol

In the second place, so much American blood had been shed, so much suffering undergone, and so much heroism shown in the attempt upon Quebec that Canada had become a symbol. Quebec brought to mind the terrible march of Colonel Benedict Arnold across the wilderness of Maine during the preceding Winter—that beloved young officer of whom Washington had said, "I heartily wish that fortune may distinguish him as one of her favorites."

Arnold's New England infantry, his Pennsylvania rifles and his Virginia sharpshooters had poled their heavy boats 180 miles upstream and carried them 40 miles through marshes and dense woods. They had marched barefoot in the snow and lived on roots. Was that sacrifice to go for nothing?

Quebec stood, too, for that courageous assault in the darkness of New Year's Eve which had cost the gallant Montgomery his life and left Arnold with a bullet in the leg from which he limped ever after. Could America forget her dead, who lay buried on the Plains of Abraham?

Moreover, John Sullivan, with 3,000 men, the flower of Washington's army, was on the march to the rescue, somewhere near Albany. If Thomas could hold out until Sullivan arrived, there might still be some hope. But a strong British fleet with reinforcements was known to be on the way. As was said at the time it was a race between the British and the Americans for the possession of Canada.

On May 3 Sullivan had attempted a last desperate measure. He had rigged a fireship and sent it drifting with the flood tide among the shipping of the harbor. In the confusion he planned a surprise attack, which might give him Quebec. Unhappily the wind was unfavorable, the sails took fire, and the burning vessel floated harmlessly away.

At Montreal a Congressional committee, consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, were making one of those investigations which seem to be a necessary part, or sequel, of wars fought by a democracy. They were about to render a discouraging report, but back in Philadelphia Congress was still fiercely resolved that Canada should be conquered at whatever cost.

Thomas talked the situation over with his officers. The decision, unanimously arrived at, was to retreat. But before this resolve could be acted upon the vanguard of the British fleet arrived, and about noon of the 6th of May Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander, sallied out to do battle. He has left his own account of what followed:

"As soon as part of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, with the marines, in all about 200, were landed; they, with the greatest part of the garrison, by this time much improved and in high spirits, marched out of the ports of St. Louis and St. John to see what these mighty boasters were about. They were found very busy in their preparations for a retreat. A few shots were exchanged, the line moved forward and the place was soon cleared of these plunderers."

At Halifax Earl Percy was told that the Americans "left their pots boiling, so that the King's troops sat down and ate their dinner for them."

The facts were that General Thomas could assemble but 300 men out of his paper force of 1,900, with which to withstand Carleton's fresh troops. The Americans stood for a few moments, like the Minute Men at Lexington, then broke and ran, leaving their artillery, their heavy baggage, their tents and their sick and wounded.

A few of the sick men managed to make their escape and were taken care of by the farmers of the countryside. The rest were carried prisoners into Quebec, where, to do Sir Guy Carleton the justice he deserves, they were kindly and honorably treated.

Why Sir Guy did not pursue the battered little American force, with its hundredweight of powder, and bag every man of it, is, after this lapse of time, uncertain. But he did not, and the American lines were temporarily reformed at Sorel, sixty miles from Quebec. Strange as it now seems, hopes were still retained, even by General Washington, that Canada might yet be conquered. Franklin's cool common sense, reinforced by evidence gathered on the spot, taught him better.

"The Canadians," Franklin said, "have been provoked by the violence of our military in exacting provisions and services from them without pay, which makes them wish our departure, and accordingly we have daily intimations of plots hatching and insurrections intended for expelling us on the first news of the arrival of the British Army."

"Canada" meant, at that time, the French population, with a scattering of English. The British Government had been statesmanlike enough to respect the language, laws and traditions of the inhabitants, and the new cry of liberty and equality had little practical meaning for them. The attempts of the Americans to recruit soldiers among them had been a failure, and, as Franklin indicated, efforts to raise supplies had been almost as futile. They would not furnish food to the starving troops except for money, and sometimes the Continentals were not even well supplied with the paper currency of the Philadelphia Government.

But if military events during this week were disheartening to the friends of independence, political events were not. North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia stood firm by New England in resistance to the King's authority. North Carolina, as has been seen, had already come out squarely for independence, the Chief Justice of South Carolina had declared that the King's writs no longer ran in that Colony, and on May 6 the Virginia House of Burgesses was solemnly declaring itself dissolved and giving way to the historic Virginia Convention, from which so many famous men and measures were to proceed.

In the North, Rhode Island—"little Rhody," with a history so much more grandiose than her acreage—was taking the decisive step. Since the burning of the British sloop Gaspee, in 1772, Rhode Island had been a hotbed of rebels and smugglers. In 1774 she had begun dismantling the King's fortifications, and next year, with the gesture of an independent and sovereign State, had sent what she called "an army of observation" to join Washington in his camp at Cambridge. When Governor Wanton, though sympathetic with the cause of the Colonists up to a certain point, refused to break utterly with the King, he had been superseded by Nicholas Cooke, who had no such scruples.

Blood Had Been Spilled

Off the little Colony's ragged coast the British commanders had been exceptionally aggressive and annoying. In October, 1775, Captain James Wallace had bombarded the inoffensive town of Bristol and at other points had landed forces to gather supplies. There had been one or two skirmishes and blood had been spilled.

In February, 1776, the Rhode Islanders manned and equipped a little fleet of two ships, two brigs and four sloops, under Continental authority and sent them out to fight the British. They were commanded by Ezek Hopkins, and the First Lieutenant on one of the ships was a young man who was later to be heard from—one John Paul Jones.

But even more active, and much more successful than the Continental fleet at the beginning, were the privateers. These buzzed like angry bees in the neighborhood of Narragansett Bay, and before 1776 was over were said to have brought prizes into Providence alone with a total value of £300,000, or "double the property of the whole town two years ago." This is getting ahead of our story, but it represents the temper and the energy of the Rhode Islanders.

Their mood naturally had its political expression. On May 1, 1776, the last Provincial Assembly of Rhode Island met at Providence, and three days later passed a deservedly famous act. The King, it was pointed out, "instead of protecting, is endeavoring to destroy the good people of this Colony and of all the United Colonies, by sending fleets and armies to America to confiscate our property and spread fire, sword and desolation throughout our country, in order to compel us to submit to the most debasing and detestable tyranny."

The Assembly accordingly proceeded to pass "An act repealing an act entitled 'An act for the more effectually securing to his Majesty the allegiance of his subjects in this his Colony and Dominion of Rhode Island and Providence plantations.'" They "struck the King's name out of all oaths, commissions, &c., and substituted 'The Government and

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"The Americans Stood for a Few Moments, Like the Minute Men of Lexington, Then Broke and Ran."

DEATH COMES TO THE MIGHTY DNIESTER

Historic River, Once Teeming With Life and Traffic, Is Animated Now Only by Enemy Sentinels

A Ruined Fortress on the Dniester.

By A. M. EMPERLE

BUCHAREST.

GREAT waterways, like great cities, can die. Like great cities, when men abandon them for the sake of petty quarrels and ambitions, they fall to ruins and are reduced to mere romantic things of the past. Mariners no longer sail their waters, merchandise no longer travels down their course. They simply die out and with them all the busy life on the banks between which they flow. Little remains to tell of their past glory.

Such a great dying waterway is the Dniester, the river that flows through the north of Eastern Europe. It separates Rumania from Soviet Russia and forms the dividing line between Europe and Asia as well. At this point Europe, as so often in past centuries, is again keeping watch against ever-threatening Asia. The result is that the only persons to animate the shores of the Dniester today are the blue-capped sentinels of Russia and the gray-capped sentinels of Rumania.

While two worlds, two civilizations, with hardly a mile between them, are eyeing each other incessantly and in hostile watchfulness, the Dniester, hopelessly dragging its melancholy waters down to the Black Sea, is dying a slow death.

The greatest river in Europe next to the Rhine and the Danube—and not unlike these two—the Dniester has served the purposes of many now forgotten races; has witnessed immortal events in the history of mankind; has seen much human blood mingle with its waters, and has washed away with its floods much of humanity's hatred and misery.

An Ancient Gateway

It was by sailing across its waters that Huns, Tartars and other nomad tribes penetrated to the heart of Europe. Merchant princes of Venice and Genoa, sailing their enterprising boats eastward into the Black Sea, entered the eastern port of Europe through its mouth and moved west on its waters to bring life and trade and prosperity, together with their civilization, to the people inhabiting these remote parts.

Throughout the sixteenth and down to the nineteenth century many battles famous in history were fought on the banks of the Dniester. Russian Czars, Polish Voyvods, Moldavian Princes, Hungarian magnates and Turkish Grand Viziers fought for the privilege of being the masters of the river. Each left his particular mark upon these regions that have never known enduring peace.

Among the débris of what was once the impenetrable Turkish fortress of Bender there still stand the ruins of the house that for a year harbored Charles XII of Sweden, when that romantic King, following his adventurous spirit, had come this long distance to fight the infidel and later to become his prisoner. A Rumanian General recently found traces of this house, and there is now a modest tablet to tell the tale of the gallant Nordic King.

Carried Wealth Before War

Until the World War brought about its geographical changes, the Dniester flowed through Russian territory exclusively, holding a unique commercial position. It was the distributer of the agricultural wealth that came out of Bessarabia. Fruits and wheat and corn went westward to Poland and the Ukraine. Wines went east to Odessa on their way to Siberia and the Crim. Bessarabian nuts were loaded in the harbors, with America for their destination.

Today there is not even the slightest trace of this once flourishing commerce. A good portion of the Bessarabian fruit crop is left to rot in the fields, for the markets that once consumed it cannot be reached now. Poland has passed a prohibitive import tariff and the former Russian buyers are in the enemy zone. The river ports are deserted. Tighina and Cetatea Alba on the Rumanian side, Tiraspol on the Russian, I am told, are but faint shadows of what they used to be, while Chishinau and Odessa, inland centres of the former trade, are living on their departed glory and waiting for the day that shall see trade relations between Russia and Rumania restored.

Conditions in Tighina, when I reached there, were as hopeless as I had heard them described. Desiring to escape the stifling atmosphere of the dead town, I went down to the Dniester.

The Bridge at Bugaz, Destroyed During the World War.

The river, although at this point it is barely 100 yards wide, gives one a sense of infinite greatness. It was on a Sunday morning. From the ruins of the ancient fortress one could see the white church of Tiraspol on the Russian side.

It is really a remarkable aspect the river offers at this point. It winds its way through the two hostile countries in a most elaborate fashion, forming thus various little peninsulas which in turn take on the nature of corridors. Looking at the panorama from the high point to which I had mounted, I saw, right below me, the tottering walls of the ancient fortress. Beyond the river was the barren sandy coast of Russia, with a lone blue-capped sentinel strolling. Then, behind a second strip of the river, appeared the thatched huts of Moldavian peasants. Beyond still another ribbon of water Russia again became visible, the gilded cupolas of the Tiraspol Cathedral glimmering brightly in the rays of the morning sun.

When the Floods Come

Once every year, in the Autumn, the Dniester inundates its banks. It is about this time that the last snows melt in the high mountains at its source. Augmented by heavy rains, flood waters pour by innumerable affluents into the river's bed. The fish are driven mad by rushing currents of cold and muddy water, in which they can no longer distinguish anything. The population living along the banks of the river enjoys an annual holiday.

It happened that this phenomenon took place during my stay at Tighina. Here the river bed is only ten yards above sea level. Millions of fish, weakened by the powerful current, would come floating on top of the waves and be thrown upon the shore. Esturgeons, salmon, shellfish of huge proportions would suddenly appear on the surface of the water, their silvery bellies exposed to the sun. Left stranded on the sandy shore, they would beat their tails in desperate jerks of impotence.

Two days later the floods receded and everything was again normal at Tighina, except for the human activity that followed upon the recent uproar of the waters. The yearly holiday was under way.

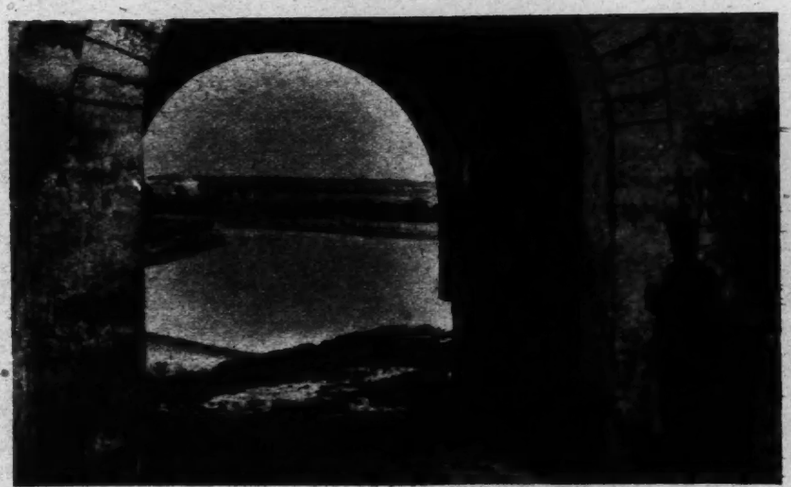
The hunt for fish had started. Blue-capped sentinels of Russia and gray-capped sentinels of Rumania (oblivious of the bayonets affixed to guns carelessly hanging about their shoulders), and inhabitants from both shores of the river splashed through the water, rubbing elbows, enemy with enemy, as they hunted the fat helpless fish. For a few hours that morning the river again looked as it must have looked before the war, when the church bells of Tiraspol still tolled for the faithful of both banks.

That same night, sitting on a tree trunk and looking at the moon mirrored in the Dniester, I heard a shot. The next morning a Rumanian sentinel was found, his lung pierced through by a bullet. A Russian sentinel, probably suspicious of some movement on the enemy side, had fired the lone shot. War had revived along the shores of the Dniester.

Soldiers are guarding the remains of a bridge at Tighina, which formerly served to connect by rail Bessarabia with Odessa. It was destroyed by retreating Bolshevist troops. And they are guarding the ruined bridge at Bugaz, where the Dniester flows into the Black Sea. This bridge was destroyed by Greek and French troops when on their way home from the Crim. Sentinels have even been placed in the ancient monasteries with which the Rumanian bank of the Dniester is lined. It is a strange sight to see glittering bayonets peep out through the windows of ancient belfries.

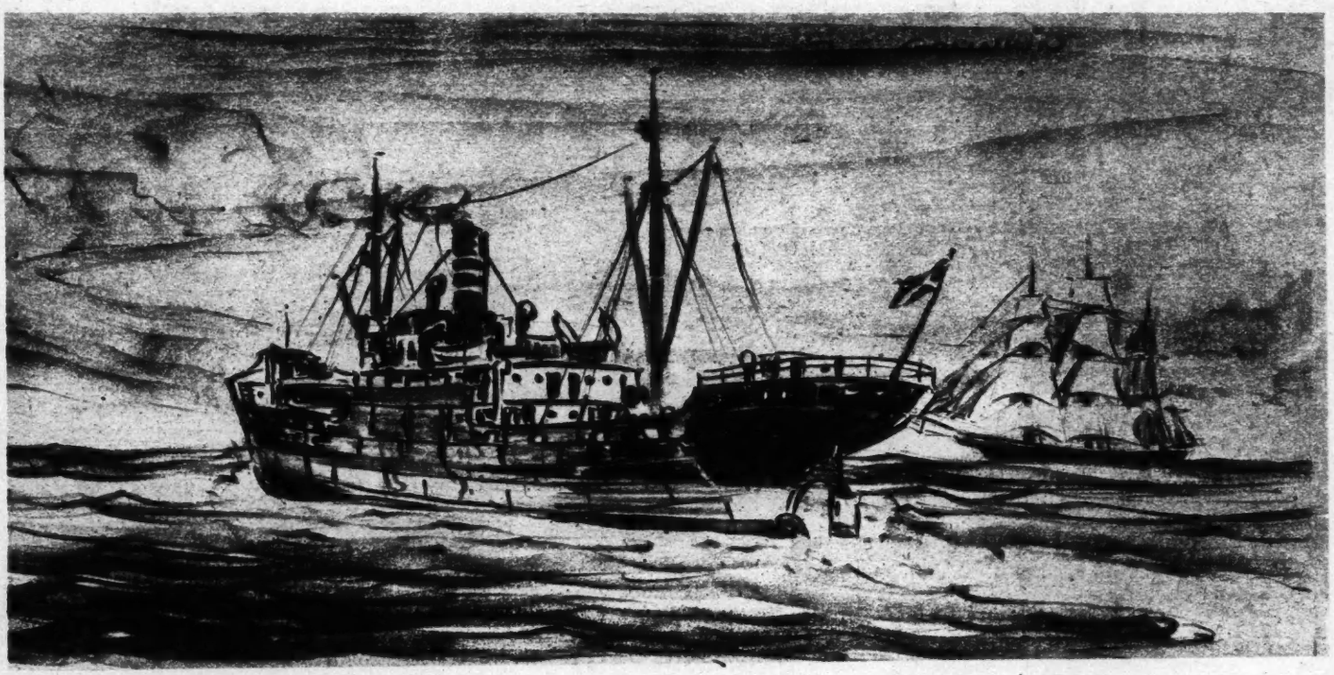
Nothing else happens here. Sentinels stare at each other, or look wearily at the dying river, creeping by indifferently, as it has crept for centuries. Only a few small fisher-boats ply within the limit of permitted traffic and give a picturesque touch to the monotony of the landscape when they fly their white sails. An occasional motor boat buzzes hurriedly from one coast town to another on some secret mission.

Of the Dniester that was the great busy thoroughfare in days before the war there is no trace. No boats sail it to trade the wealth of Bessarabian fields. Tourists no longer come to relax in the cool breezes that hover over its waters. Lovers no longer see their faces and the moon's reflected in its waves. With two broken bridges as the only weight floating upon its waters, and with men deserting its shores, the Dniester is a dead river, sadly waiting to be reawakened to a life of toil and prosperity.



Through the Gates of the Ancient Fortress at Tighina One Has a Clear View of the Russian Side.

Photos by A. M. Emperle.



"The Tramp Steamer Is the Lineal Descendant of the Square-Rigged Sailing Vessel."

OCEAN TRAMP'S COURSE IS ALMOST RUN

New Type of Vessel Operated on Fixed Routes Is Taking Place of Little Cargo Boat That Roved the High Seas

By ARTHUR WARNER

WHAT the sailor says of the tramp steamship is recorded by John Masefield in these lines:

"It's a solemn gospel, mate," he says,
"but a man as ships aboard
A steamer-tramp, he gets his whack
of the wonders of the Lord—
Such 'as roaches crawlin' over his bunk,
'n' snakes inside his bread,
And work by night and work by day
enough to strike him dead."

But what the sailor says and what the sailor feels are different. He oozes constant complaint against the particular ship aboard which he happens to be working, but after he has left it—or it has left him—it takes on a rosier hue as it recedes into the past. So the sailor who shipped aboard

The Esmeralda, casual tramp,
from Hull towards the Hook
Wi' one o' the brand o' Cain for mate
'n' a human mistake for cook,

will soon be seeing the vessel through a halo of poetry and romance. For the hobo steamship is disappearing. It has entered the same road toward oblivion in the distance of which the last square-rigged sailing vessels are now hull down. Just as the past quarter century has seen the elimination of the deep-water windjammer, so the next twenty-five years—or less—are likely to sweep the tramp steamship into comparative obscurity.

The Ocean Hobo Yields

The retirement of the ocean hobo has been going on since the close of the World War. In 1915 liners comprised 42 per cent. of the world's tonnage, according to Sir Norman Hill of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association. In 1922 liners made up 81 per cent. of the tonnage in transoceanic trades, according to the United States Department of Commerce. Six British liner companies now own more than 8,000,000 gross tons, or about half of the nation's merchant ships.

Pooh! will say some. Who cares? The tramp is a dirty, clumsy, ugly tub. You can sink the lot of them for all of me.

But the ocean hobo is not to be dismissed so lightly. Homely and ungainly it certainly is, but the tramp steamship is the lineal descendant of the square-rigged sailing vessel, the inheritor of its traditions and its trade. The hobo steamship has been the great cargo bearer of the twentieth century. Without it our vast development of international trade could hardly have been achieved. The time has come now when the liner, with regular sailings over a fixed route, is crowding out the free ocean rover, but the latter has been the trade scout of modern industrialism and its record cannot be obliterated or denied.

In his "Ships of the Seven Seas," Hawthorne Daniel says of the tramp: "These are the ships that make world commerce possible. These are the ships that carry the world's goods. These are the ships that make a nation's merchant marine, and these, basically, are the ships that make necessary great navies and great ports. Here, then, lies the modern romance of the sea."

Aye, romance is right. Assuredly, the tramp steamship lacks the beauty of the sailing vessel, with its towering spars and billowing canvas, its graceful bowsprit and its neatly turned stern. In appearance the tramp is a mongrel, its sides scarred and rusty, its decks stained by strange cargoes and blistered by tropical suns, its smokestacks dingy with soot. It is designed neither for comfort nor speed, but to carry the most cargo at the lowest cost. With its blunt, ugly bow and stern it looks, as sailors say, as if built by the mile and sawed off in lengths to suit. It is utility raised to the nth degree.

Even so, it is the repository of the old romance of the sea, and in its forecastle are to be found most of the surviving ancient mariners who learned their trade in sail. It is about the only place in which their self-respect, their love of sailorly work, permits them to be. About all of the sailorly work of a modern liner—especially the great ships engaged in the transatlantic rush-hour service—is done by shore gangs in port. Even the steering and the lookout are denied the forecastle and entrusted to quartermasters. The man in the forecastle is little better than a chambermaid, whose job is to polish brass, to clean paint work with a bucket of soogey-moogey and a wisp of cotton waste, and to scrub decks before the passengers get up in the morning.

Long Voyages Frequent

But aboard a tramp there is little to scrub. The decks are of iron plates instead of wood, brass work is conspicuous by its absence, and paint is usually cleaned only as a preparation for another coat. Every sailor takes his turn at the wheel and the lookout, while there is painting, tarring, mending rigging and repairing gear—seamanly work—for the rest of the time.

Also the voyages are longer and more varied. The hobo steamship, like the sailing vessel that it succeeded, knocks around the world, taking cargo as it is to be found. Like the sailing ship it may be away from its home port for a year or so, and none of the crew knows where he is going beyond the immediate destination.

In one way the tramp has extended the range of the windjammer. The latter must have room in which to manoeuvre and so cannot penetrate beyond the coast. The tramp, more easily navigated because of steam propulsion, can push its conquests inland. It follows the muddy waters of the Amazon into the heart of the jungle, brushing past dank and steaming forests inhabited only by birds and beasts and swarming insects; it seeks out strange ports in the Black Sea and pushes to the head waters of the Persian Gulf.

The average landsman, especially of the Atlantic seaboard, conceives of ships almost solely in terms of the great passenger liners that form almost a moving sidewalk between America and Europe. There is no denying that such vessels appeal to our imagination; they awe us with their enormous power and speed, their beauty in spite of their bulk, their marvelous equipment for safe and scientific navigation.

And yet to the sailor of the Seven Seas they are an artificial product of a special environment. They move back and forth like trolley cars over a fixed route, carrying thousands of passengers and accepting vast responsibilities, but they are actually insignificant and inconsequential in the great job of the world commerce and international trade. It is the carrying of cargo that makes ships and shipping. As Rudyard Kipling puts it:

The Liner she's a lady,
But if she wasn't made,
There still would be the cargo-boats
For 'ome and foreign trade.

Moving the Argentine wheat crop, transporting our own cotton, bearing away Chile's nitrate of soda from the parched and barren West Coast, carrying off the lumber of our Pacific ports, distributing Britain's coal, marketing Australia's wool—these are some of the jobs for which ships and shipping exist. In the aggregate such commerce is immensely more important than that of the transatlantic passenger ferries, and it is in this world-wide distribution of primary commodities that the homely, humble tramp has found its usefulness and its romance.

The Tramp Is Small

Perhaps it is time to stop singing the praises of the tramp long enough to explain what such a vessel is. There are no absolute differences between a cargo liner and a tramp except that the latter usually stands at the foot of the class. The tramp is seldom more than 5,000 tons gross—greater size would keep it out of many harbors where it now finds its chief usefulness. Its speed is eight to ten miles an hour, speaking in land lubberly terms. Cargo liners, on the other hand, run to 10,000 or more tons, according to the route they serve, and make upward of twelve miles an hour. The tramp, it need hardly be added, never has more than one smokestack and is open above the main deck except for a box-like superstructure amidships which furnishes quarters for the officers and support for the bridge.

The writer's first deep-water voyage was a three-months' passage in the forecastle of a British tramp, from the Erie Basin, Brooklyn, to Auckland, New Zealand—where he ran away. Our ship was of only 3,000 tons—a mere pea-pod if set down beside the 56,000 tons of the Majestic—but it was plenty big enough for a crew of seven sailors, especially when we found that it was just out of the builder's yards, had barely one coat of paint, and it was

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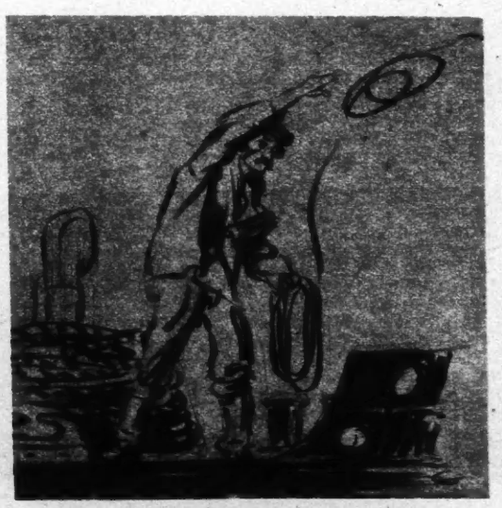


"It Is the Only Place in Which Their Love of Sailorly Work Permits Them to Be."

OUR SKYSCRAPERS TAKE SIMPLE FORMS

New York Style of Steel and Stone Sloughs Off Cluttered Decoration of the Past

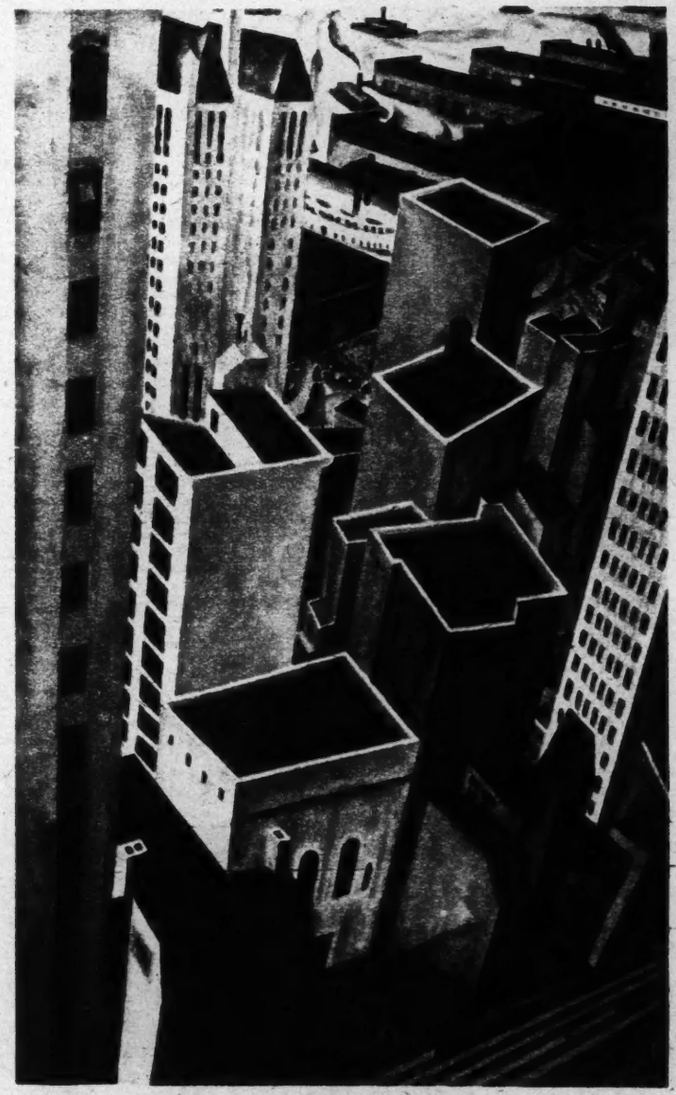
The author of this article is an architect who has designed some of New York's most notable skyscrapers in the newer style.

By ELY JACQUES KAHN

NEW YORK CITY is building today with an enthusiasm and peristence that is astounding one who stops sufficiently long to consider what's actually happening. This activity is accomplishing something more important than the mere raising of buildings. Almost unknown to the New Yorker himself, a new style of architecture is being created that is so characteristic of New York that it would be more logical, by far, to call it a New York Style, although it is also something essentially American.

The Skyscrapers of Today.

Drawing by Bertram Hartman.



The Old Style Was a Box Crowned by "A Cornice of Tin."

Painting by Bertram Hartman. Courtesy of the Montross Gallery.

We have been accustomed to buildings modeled after the traditional Gothic, French, or Roman. While this new style is born of humbler parents, of legal and economic circumstances, it has yet become the soul and spirit of some of the most notable buildings of today. The New York laws protecting property rights, light and air, have encouraged a new art by reason of the very restrictions they contain.

The great towering mass of buildings which expanding business requires calls for something more splendid in design than mere enlargement of a motive that would be acceptable as carving on a piece of furniture or decoration on a Summer residence. The result is a search for forms allied to the rigid and powerful block of the building itself; shapes that are more a series of planes that become attractive through the play of light and shadow. The cubists in painting and sculpture were at the same source of inspiration.

As buildings have reached toward the sky they have sloughed off, by a natural process of refinement, the cluttered detail of the past. The tall building has shed the old-fashioned cornice of tin, sheet iron or terra cotta, that used to be tied to the wall. The existence of this cornice, at all, is one of the classic inheritances. As the tall building rises, it scorns this form of accent partly because of the ridiculous waste in cost and particularly because with the step-backed terraces required by the city ordinances, such excrescences would be absurd.

Enriching the Surface

The forms of the shaft of buildings adapt themselves also to the practical considerations and the provisions of the building laws. The accents, which may be called the ornaments, are in proportion to the higher location and to the particular character of the structure. Decoration becomes a far more precious thing than a collection of dead leaves, swags, bull's heads and cartouches. It becomes a means of enriching the surface with a play of light and shade, voids and solids.

As the eye wishes to be relieved by some form of interest, it also requires the stimulus to be in relation to the level of the observer, not only as regards size, delicacy, and the like, but also in the kind of material used. Detail for bronze would be impossible in granite; an interesting design for brick work would be ludicrous in stone. The traditional decorations which were formerly stamped, painted, carved, and poured on buildings in every conceivable material and size now retreat before the advance of forms that respond to the bulk and simplicity of the skyscraper itself.

This New York style is still inchoate, reaching here and there, trying this and that without organized purpose or regimented plan. New York of the moment is definitely ignoring theories, quite possibly with grave error as far as the distribution of population and industry is concerned; but from the point of view of vitality and artistic experiment, producing material that will be examined a generation hence as the great contribution to American art.

It has always been so, even in the more imitative periods. New York has stumbled from a farm group on one end of a small island to a gridiron of streets, jammed on a rambling series of hills, valleys and streams; across rivers in every direction—and all without the slightest plan of development. The orginal cow paths of the early burghers become the streets of downtown New York, but the rest of the city went its own sweet way, changing neighborhoods over night, developing new sections at the will of the individual, and still worrying the city planner as a horrible example of individualism gone astray.

Construction Plunges Ahead

New York calmly watches Twenty-third Street as a memorial to a dead retail section struggling to adjust itself to new business; Fifth Avenue, wrecking the last of her fine houses, and Sixth Avenue frantically building to celebrate the removal of a few blocks of elevated railroad. What such developments mean to traffic, adjustment of business interests, housing, are apparently incidental.

The construction program plunges ahead with the vigor of a Roman Emperor, ripping up streets, wrecking buildings, riveting frames, and with ever increasing momentum. The excitement and romance of the actualities of the moment are quite sufficient to submerge Utopian dreams of double-deck cities, layers of streets, and filling in the rivers of the harbor.

Here and there around the town the finest flowers of the New York style grow up amid a tangle of architectural rubbish and second hand imitation. Massive, and yet with the lightness of simplicity, stepped back as they rise ten, twenty stories above the street, one of them alone often gives the effect of a city set upon a hill, a temple or a mountain top. Unbroken lines, immense surfaces, planes, angles, sharp contrasts of light and shade, they are essentially New York—New York of today and tomorrow.

The Radiator Building facing Bryant Park is a striking example of the newer sort. Its gothic detail seems quite incidental compared to the basic conception of a dark mass in which darker holes, the windows, do not disturb the block of the building. Ignoring the specific detail, whether one likes it or not, the building is of the new school; a simple base, clean shaft, a top skillfully modeled. There are noteworthy buildings such as the Shelton Hotel on Lexington Avenue, and the interesting building at Fifty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue in which the use of brick is particularly attractive. To find all of the buildings worth examining means seeing all of the newer structures—there is no one capable of marking specifically the good or the bad. It is sufficient that good work is being done. A generation hence will know more about the style.

The property-owner himself has been one of the chief factors in the development of the New York style—by the simple expedient of not being a factor at all. In the earlier days of New York, buildings were erected by men of capital as sound investment to which these solid men of affairs affixed their names. They were essentially conservative and insisted on traditional designs. Today the owner is a shrewd real estate operator who visualizes the type of development that made a Jewelry Centre appear in a year's time, a Garment District out of nothing. After a careful analysis of costs, cubages, loans and amortization he

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MODERNIST ART HAS IMPOSING PEDIGREE

American Federation at Its Annual Convention in Washington Will Discuss Tendencies of Today In the Light of Tradition—Present Movement Fuses Primitive Energy With Culture

Seventeenth Century Rendering of a Hill Town, by Gaspard Peeter.

THE program of the American Federation of Arts at its annual convention, to be held from the 12th to the 14th of May, includes a discussion of modern art to be illustrated by lantern slides showing the continuing tradition binding the past to the immediate present and to the future. We take it that modern art in this discussion will mean what for our awkward convenience is called Modernist Art, and it is significant that this movement has proved its importance among the many activities claiming the attention of the Federation.

To connect it with the past is, of course, what most of its advocates have been doing with abundance of picture and text since its adversaries first began to treat it as an outlaw from tradition; but the convention at Washington offers a particularly favorable opportunity to impress the mind of a considerable public with the fact that Modernism has a long and imposing pedigree, and to show how in its noteworthy examples it unites the energy of the primitive with the culture of the aristocrat. The energy of the primitive is the more important quality, but unless art showed the effect of cumulative culture it could not reflect the spirit of its time. Its time has no place for the illiterate or for those who know nothing of what is done and said in the world. The daily newspaper is read in city, town and village, and no issue but contains some line of news fit to stir the pulses. Hardly any illustrated page but shows something closely connected with the character of the period in which we live. Many show something of how life is carried on in distant parts of the world, of types formed by conditions in other countries, of habits and customs alien to our own. We are all educated and traveled and aware of our environment to an extent that would have been unthinkable a century or half a century ago. Our investments were never before so diversified.

These opportunities form, of course, so many obstacles to the development of an energetic young art of concentrated essence and single aim. But they also add to the honor due when the young art of the period turns these opportunities into the melting pot from which it draws a new kind of simplicity, a synthesis composed of ten thousand different influences; a primitive sophistication, primitive in being the first of its kind.

It is not fanciful to see in the multiplication of current references to the primitive pasts in art a sign of our present tendency. We are fighting against the odds of an unbelievably complex civilization to gain clarity of view and statement, the direct force of an independent outlook and a form closely molded to the artistic idea it encloses. We are fighting against confusion of thought and repetition of old formula. It is a matter of course that much of the result of the struggle seems to be empty of thought and imitative of new formula. What matters is that the modern mind is steadily gaining in its ability to see the present.

Reconstructing the Past

The apparent contradiction of a literature and a connoisseurship dedicated at the same moment to reviving and reconstructing the past is merely the other side of the problem; the appreciative harking back to the beginnings of other periods when our predecessors were seeing freshly and using a frank idiom for their discoveries. Those of us who lack the power and the desire to lead the hard and solitary life of the pioneer at least show comradeship and sympathy in this indirect manner, and are able to prove their own talents by their choice and treatment of the early models.

The art of selecting from the past involves almost as great delicacy of discrimination as that of selecting from the present, and the issue is clouded by the coating of sentiment spread over all antiquity.

The art that once through Tara's halls practiced its enchantment upon great hordes of early Irish may have been of the purest quality; but if any fragment of it had survived, any recorded melody of the harpist, any bit of stone carved by a Celtic knife, any torn corner of vellum with characteristic platted ornament, its price today would be above rubies, and not only would it be priceless but only the most courageous criticism could touch it. If instead of purest quality it could claim no more than a mediocre knack of handling, an embryo appreciation of design, there would be no lack of adroit partisanship to prove it a far greater art than the present could produce.

Popular art, especially, if it has managed to survive against manifold forces of destruction, is treated with a deference that has little or nothing to do with its power to quicken the esthetic pulse. An interesting book has just appeared in France (prepared by Louis Ducharte and René Saulmier) which covers the field of the popular print in all the French Provinces from the fifteenth century to the Second Empire. This interpretation of the term "popular art" is given in the introductory pages:

"We shall not consider popular art as alone that which appears to spring from a collective creation, since no artistic creation could be collective in the precise sense of the word. No village could unite to create a song, a form of game, a picture. If every shepherd in a village carved his crook, it is inevitable that one of them should succeed better than the others. He will be imitated. His example will spread. This shepherd, this potter, this teller of tales, this village singer is not, however, an artist detached from his environment, whose work mirrors his own individuality. Nevertheless, there always must be an inventor, in a manner better endowed than the others, to give the impulse. We shall qualify as popular creations of this last order, direct expressions of a sensibility shared by a whole circle comprehending them spontaneously, naturally, without the intervention of education or instruction."

Looking through these "images populaires" or pictorial broadsides printed in cheapest form for a general circulation one gains the impression that here at least is an almost unbroken tradition. Gothic features lasting well into the nineteenth century. The continuance of a strong tradition is a different matter from its imitation, and scholars of the future will have no difficulty in our modernist art in distinguishing the pseudo-primitive from him whose mind works with the vigor of original invention, however similar to the contemporary critic the imitation and the genuine creation may seem.

The first of a series of portfolios called the Prim-Art series, and compiled by Doris Rosenthal, has been issued by H. C. Perleberg. It comprises fifty plates, six of them in color, reproducing animal motifs in decorative design from different periods and countries, and is intended for use by art supervisors and teachers, not as material from which to make copies, but as illustration of the decorative spirit as it exists in primitive design to be used for inspiration—"to understand how some other artist has created and then to recreate."

Splendidly Decorative Power

In the preface it is explained that the collection of simple and primitive animal forms does not in any sense pretend to be a historic résumé. "The motifs were chosen," the compiler says, "from the designs of all countries and all times, mainly for their unconventionality and frankness and their splendidly decorative power; not for their cleverness of sophistication. The present post-impressionist movement in art stresses clearness and cleanness of statement, rather than befogment of statement by technique. The material in these series was chosen for just this reason: to bring to the student and designer the naïve and vigorous work of peasant and savage who have decorated their homes before, the factory entered to ruin their taste and to destroy their native ability."

Naturally peasants and savages of all times and countries have differed in the degree and character of their native ability. In the selection of examples to reproduce lies the whole value of such an effort as this to offer the ideals of primitive art for the consideration of modern designers, and the judgment directing the choice in this instance cannot be too highly commended. Not one of the fifty plates but has its message of fresh vision and controlled expression. Each is a unique creation in

"Approach to Cassis," by Bertram Hartley, a Modern Rendering of a City View, Traditional Without Being Conventional.

spite of the fact that in several instances an inherited formula undoubtedly is used. Not alone in ancient India was divergence from type and the expression of personal sentiment frowned upon in art. The manner in which within stricter limitations of symbol and form than are known in modern decoration the early designer not only achieved a powerful expression but found an outlet for his individuality through which it poured in concentrated essence, is one of the mysteries that brooks no denial and for which no complete explanation can be found.

In the present collection of designs the compiler has had the happy idea of including with those from earlier sources several by the talented Frenchman, Raoul Dufy, who has approached more nearly perhaps than any other modern decorator to the initial force of the primitive. No one, however, considering without prejudice his handsome tiger plunging downward in a bold diagonal and comparing it with the Assyrian or Rhodian or Coptic animals companioning it, can fail to realize that twentieth century art must use its material upon a basis of twentieth century life and thought if it is to compete in force of expression with the primitive art of other centuries.

Robert Laurent's Sculptures

It is the task of the teachers and students using this splendid collection of plates to extract from the designs their esthetic significance and thus gain the authentic impulse toward making their own artstic idiom direct and forcible.

An exhibition of sculpture by Robert Laurent opens at the Valentine Dudensing Galleries tomorrow, to continue for three weeks. Lachaise, Faggi, Zorach are other sculptors who have worked in harmony with the modernists, who in this country may be called leaders of the modernist group. It is difficult to define the quality that unites them, but to see their works either together or successively is to feel that they belong to the same generation and express an attitude toward life.

Mr. Laurent's individuality, however, is too penetrating to stand a close classification. He has his own sense of beauty—it tells him that a figure can be both thick and long; that grace does not necessarily abide

"Mother and Child," by Robert Laurent.
Courtesy of F. Valentine, Dudensing Gallery.

chisel, yet simulating hardness. Why, oh, why, use soap for sculpture when alabaster is so obliging!

Mr. Laurent uses it charmingly, without leaning too heavily upon its intrinsic charm. A mother playing with her playful child provides a nice opposition of hole and mass, lightening the composition suitably to the character of the stone. The stone comes in great lumps, rounded as to edges, and the sculptor in most instances, practically in all, has let his composition grow out of the shape of this substance, the natural form determining to a considerable degree the forms carved from it. One of the motifs carried out in alabaster is a nude figure over which sea waves are breaking, a fish darting through them. The complexity of the composition is not quite comfortably resolved, but the material is ideally appropriate to the idea. In a handsomely carved single fish a finer effect is given.

Turning from alabaster to mahogany, there is no sense of diminished importance. It is quite possible, on the contrary, to find the less flattering medium more stimulating to the imagination. The imagination slips up ever so little upon a surface so smoothly exquisite as that of the dainty gypsum. The mahogany seems to speak with more authority through the sculptor's admirable technique. One of the earlier pieces, a resilient young figure capped with red, has not only the life of contour and plane given by the sculptor, but the actual life of the wood—that marvelous substance that never dies.

One of the finest things in the exhibition is a small recumbent nude, carved in Caen stone, smooth roundness and positive angles, thickness and length, a clearly conceived and beautifully executed composition. Another fine thing received its last touch a few days before it went from the studio to the gallery—again a small figure, three-quarter length, the curling hair, the smallish waist, the refinement of line suggesting an Ingres model, but without the muscular feebleness of an Ingres model, a little figure that could move mountains.

Recalling earlier exhibitions by this accomplished sculptor it is easy to see that he has gone forward not with the "leaps and bounds" prescribed for progress, but with a much more encouraging steadiness of step. A very interesting feature of the present exhibition is a piece of furniture profusely carved with subjects drawn from familiar scenes, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Manhattan waterfront seen from the window of the Brooklyn studio, Ogonquit subjects, everything presented with a kind of realism that permits the filling of space decoratively. This realism persists in the later sculptures in spite of an obvious intention of getting away from too close representation of the model. It is the most satisfying element in the whole achievement. Through it one arrives at a sense of fervor brought to the task, of an energy of purpose not too common in this unimpassioned age.

Barnard's Cloisters Open

In the cloisters reconstructed by the sculptor George Barnard and opened this week as the property of the Metropolitan Museum, we are given an extraordinary chance to gain in our own country something of that thrill of response to a past age which has made the glory of Europe for sensitive minds, and to catch illuminating glimpses of the medieval mood.

In the charming friendliness and humility of the earlier statues dwells the spirit of the religious century, "when rich and poor alike had the same artistic delights." Nothing could be more personal than these tender, benignant figures writing in stone the kind human impulses of their age. In considering their origin in the desire of the sculptor to portray souls we arrive at some conception of the courage and strength of our modern artists working under their banner of impersonality without the encouragement of a concern for their product on the part of any one outside themselves.

Painted Coptic Vase at Metropolitan Museum.
From "Prim-Art Series," Compiled by Doris Rosenthal. Published by H. C. Perleberg.

in slimness, and that stout forms need not be truncated. That means a new type, singularly impressive, with its rustic solidity and its courtly elegance. A sense of humor is there, also, peculiarly subtle and Gallic, residing in a lift of a magohany eyebrow, the curl of an alabaster lip.

Mahogany and alabaster, with an occasional diversion in Caen stone or marble, still constitute the materials in which the work is done. The alabaster is engaging. The little mystery attending a translucent material through which seems to pour a light from hidden sources; the smooth, ingratiating surface of a stone soft enough to be obedient to a common

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OLD ARTS ARE REVIVED FOR DECORATION

Hooked Hugs Return to Fashion — Stained Glass for Color Notes—Use of Mirrors

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

THE making of hooked rugs is one of the few Colonial home crafts that have come down to us. This native American handiwork, which in early times was practiced in every home, has recently had a tremendous revival. A short time ago hooked rugs had to be sought in villages and farmhouses by those who desired these old-fashioned floor coverings. Today they may be found in many stores side by side with expensive carpets of the East.

The lover of hooked rugs has the choice of either old examples, made a hundred years ago, more or less, or rugs produced today. The old rugs are the most expensive, naturally, because they have a historical interest in addition to quaint designs not often found in their modern descendants. The best hunting grounds for these mementos of another age are in New England, among the Pennsylvania Dutch and along the Eastern Canadian seaboard.

Just when the first rugs were made is a moot question. Almost every settlement of Colonial days had busy housewives who filled in their spare time making these floor coverings; but most of the old rugs that we know today were made after 1800.

It is hard to draw the line between an old rug and a new one, since the making of hooked rugs has never stopped in many a New England home. In groups where outside suggestion has brought about more harmony in color, modern rugs are much better than some of those made in the past. But now and then it happened, both in Colonial times and later, that some housewife with a true feeling for folk art produced a naïve pattern that cannot be matched today. The unexpected plays a delightful part in the seeking of interesting hooked rugs, whether one goes in for old or for new.

In former days the housewife who wished a new rug for her best room took an old sugar bag or grain sack, and, after boiling it well to take out all the dressing and to shrink it thoroughly, she sketched with a piece of charcoal from the fireplace a design either made up by herself or copied from a neighbor's rug. Cloth strips cut on the bias and dyed the proper color were pulled through the rough burlap by a short awl with the end turned into a hook. Generally the short loops which, very close together, made up the surface of the rug, were left uncut, although sometimes a part of the design would be trimmed, thereby leaving a portion of the pattern in relief.

All kinds of material were employed. The gorgeous red roses, a common motif of those days, owed some of their popularity to the great prevalence of red flannel underwear. Fabrics from men's clothes were good and durable and were an important source of material. Worsted yarn was sometimes employed, but generally thrifty housewives used up odds and ends out of the scrap bags.

Designs on the old rugs had a wide range. Apparently some of the patterns were inspired by attempts to imitate carpets and rugs such as were seen in the better homes. Some hooked rugs with elaborate bunches of flowers in the centre and with scroll designs around the edge suggest the patterns of brussels carpets or the Aubusson rugs of France, then in vogue. Others with a distinct Chinese suggestion were no doubt inspired by Oriental rugs brought back to a New England seaport by some clipper ship Captain engaged in the China tea trade.

But the really quaint designs on hooked rugs are the pictorial ones. Dogs and cats and horses were often used. Lions trying to be ferocious may still be found. Landscapes are hard to pick up nowadays, but when discovered they are worth the time and trouble of the search. Village scenes, ships with their names worked on the waves and patriotic patterns with the American eagle fiercely defending the national shield are some of the many subjects of these home-made floor coverings.

Interesting and often amusing are the mats. These were made in semi-circular form and were intended to be placed just inside the door. Most of them carry the word "Welcome," along with a design of flowers, cats, dogs or ships. One kind made by a girl to be presented to her future husband and known as a "Bride's Welcome" bore two love birds on its surface. Sometimes practical instruction would be given to the guest in the form of an injunction to "Wipe Your Feet." One such rug discovered carried the admirable precept "Please Be Polite."

The rugs now being made are still a product of the old tradition of home craft. Some may be obtained in villages and farmhouses by searchers who offer tempting prices; others are made in communities that have revived this old-time art and evolved a systematic method of getting the product to market. Down through the Blue Ridge Mountains, in isolated hamlets in New England and elsewhere are housewives who add to their small income in this manner. Patterns their mothers used, old designs almost forgotten and new ones originated by themselves are woven into these floor coverings now so popular for living room, bedroom or sun porch.

New hooked rugs are made in practically the same manner as were the Colonial rugs whose colors have reached a fine mellow tone, like an old painting. The modern craftworker, to be sure, has her cotton or wool strips cut for her; but interest and a homely sense of design and color persist. The bright colors and harmonious combinations of hues in many of these modern rugs make them admirable decorations for present-day rooms with their brilliant cretonnes and other gay furnishings. For today the hooked rug goes right into the living room and does not, as in the old days, first serve as a sacred ornament in the parlor with its darkened windows and little-used furniture.

***

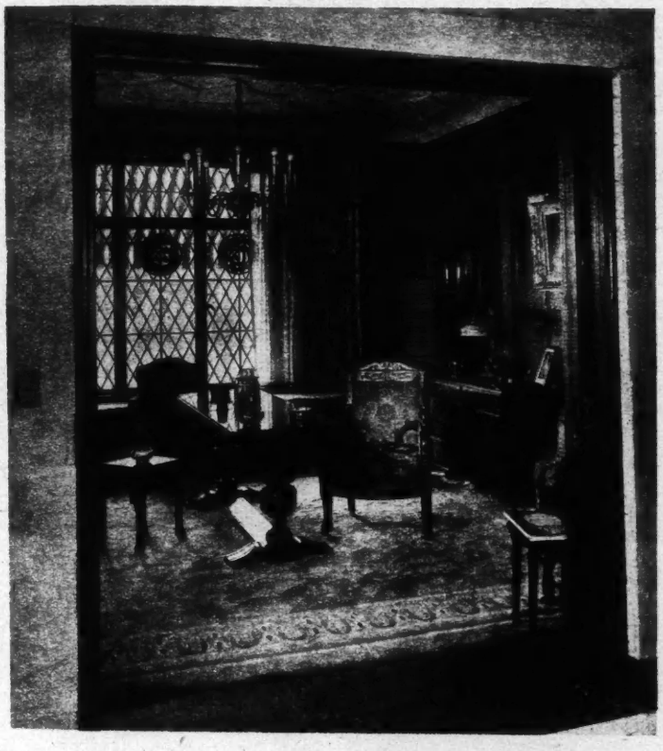
WHILE churchmen and laymen discuss the propriety of stained glass windows depicting sports in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, architects are bringing—with increasing encouragement from their clients—more of the art of the decorated window into homes.

This greater use in dwellings of an art chiefly ecclesiastical is due no doubt to the growing popularity of casement windows. This form of window with its outward-swinging sashes seems naturally to call for leaded panes of glass of diamond or rectangular shape. A decorative touch is often given these windows by small designs of stained glass known as inserts, placed in the upper part of the area of clear or opaque panes. If the house be old English in style, colored glass adds a characteristic note.

The traditional form of decoration on casement windows is the family coat-of-arms. If one be not too democratic to use a heraldic family insignia, one may sanction the insertion of an appropriate design in the upper part of each sash. This plan allows an unobstructed view through the lower part of the window. In lieu of a coat-of-arms, designs embodying emblems suitable to the room or suggesting the owner's occupation or interests are often used.

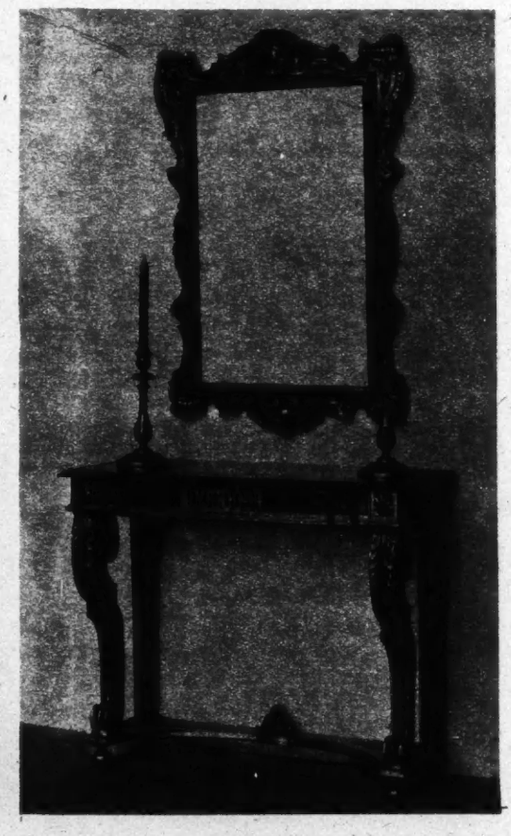
The recent introduction of steel casement frames equipped with leaded panes of glass has also aided materially the fashion of decorated windows. The steel frame, by the way, is really a revival of the iron casement sashes, which any one may see today in old English manor houses. The decorative effect of the small panes may be increased without the introduction of any design by the use of uncolored glass that imitates the imperfections of ancient

(Continued on Page 19)

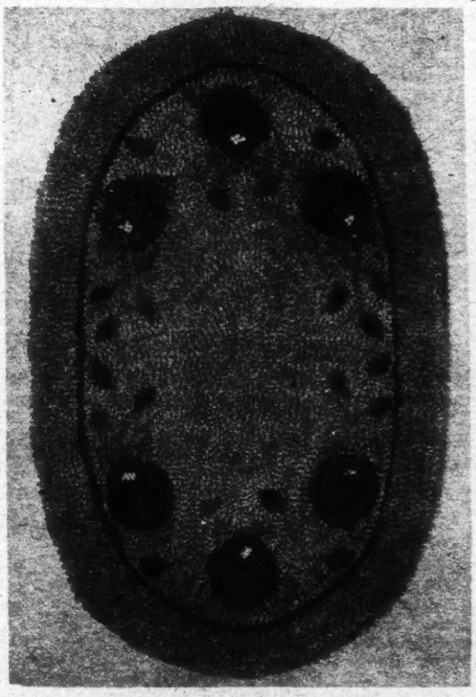


Right—Heraldic Designs in Stained Glass Decorate Windows and Add Color to a Room.

In the John A. Hoagland Residence, New York. Photo by M. E. Hewitt.



Left—Rich and Ornate in Design, This Mirror Gives a Touch of Italy to a Room.



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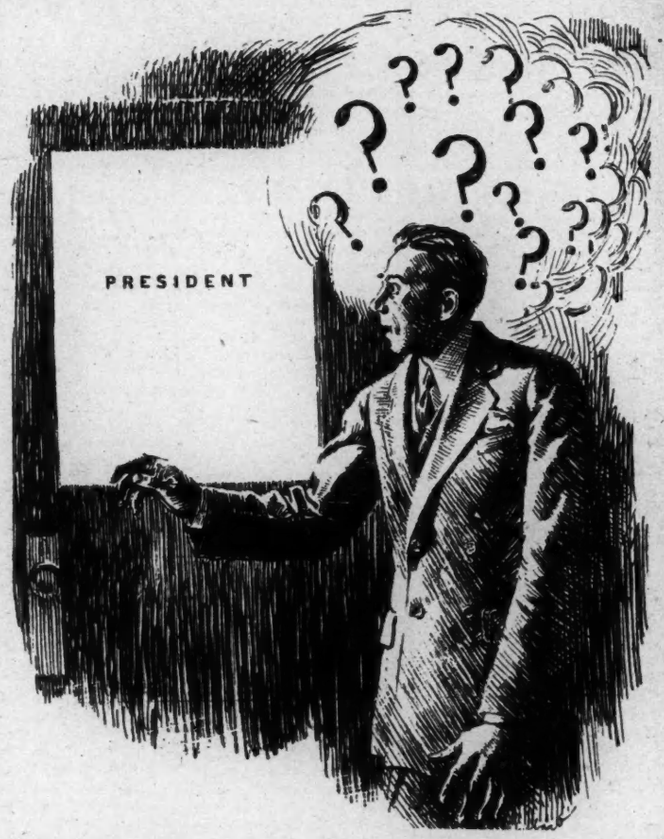

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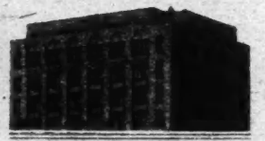

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EPIC OF '76: CANADA LOST

(Continued from Page 8)

company of the English colony of Rhode Island and Providence plantations.' "

The document is, in places, dry reading, but it spelled history. It made Rhode Island an independent republic—so independent, in fact, that it was with the utmost reluctance that she later became a member of the American Union as it now exists.

In Philadelphia these and other signs of the times did not pass unnoticed. There the party of independence and the group which still hoped for conciliation with Great Britain were now sharply defined in Congress. John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, John Jay and Robert Morris were for clinging to the British allegiance as long as possible. Jefferson, Franklin and John Adams were leaders of the independence party, and had the powerful, though usually silent, support of General Washington.

An issue which proved a test of strength was the question of what treatment should be accorded to the British Commissioners of Peace, if, as was supposed, any were on the way. Washington put this question to Congress with polite insistence.

The last olive branch had passed between America and England in August, 1775, when Richard Penn, a descendant of the great William and a Quaker, reached London with a surprisingly humble petition from the Colonists for redress of grievances. The King had not only refused to grant Penn an audience but would not even receive the petition indirectly. This had convinced such men as Adams, Franklin and Jefferson that hope of an offer which the Colonies could accept without losing their self-respect was a vain illusion. Dickinson and his party wished to order Washington to receive the Commissioners with the utmost ceremony, so that no one's feelings should be hurt and conciliation would be the more possible.

"Upon the whole," says Adams in his autobiography, "we avoided the snare and brought the controversy to a close with some dignity. But it will never be known how much labor it cost to accomplish it."

What the instructions sent to Washington actually said was "that the practice usual in such cases will be observed, by making previous application for the necessary passports or safe-conduct, and on such application being made the Congress will then direct the proper measures for the reception of such Commissioners."

The tone could not be mistaken. The Commissioners were to be received as one free nation receives a delegation from another, not as a group of half-hearted revolutionaries might meet the King's Sheriff with the Riot act in his hand.

The incident was important because it showed the drift of opinion in Congress—and out of Congress. As it turned out, the "olive branch" actually sent consisted of Lord Howe, 10,000 soldiers and a powerful British fleet—"this curious specimen of political botany," John Fiske called it; and Howe's offer, which involved complete submission, was not made until July 12. Before July 12, unfortunately for his amiable Lordship's purposes, an event had occurred which made submission impossible.

Washington's Burden

On May 6 Congress voted that it would next day "resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole to take into consideration the State of America." The same day John Adams brought in his resolution calling upon the Colonies to establish governments of their own.

From his headquarters in New York City Washington was writing: "The designs of the enemy are too much behind the curtain for me to form an accurate opinion of their plan of operation for the Summer's campaign. We are left to wander, therefore, in the field of conjecture."

The Colonists, as was soon to become apparent, had lost Canada. Could they hold New York? Could Washington, with his ill-equipped, inexperienced troops make effective, on the field of battle a gainst an overwhelming British force, the bolder and bolder measures which Adams was pushing through?

But this was a question not to be decided in 1776 or for several years afterward. It was the burden Washington had to carry, as Lincoln carried the burden of the Union.

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KEMAL STUDIED IN PRISON

MUSTAPHA KEMAL, the President of the Republic of Turkey, is a strong advocate of women's rights. He is doing his utmost to bring about real equality of men and women, and among other things he emphasizes the social influence of such equality. In many parts of the interior of Turkey the old standards of social seclusion of women still obtain to a certain extent, as would be natural to expect after so many sudden changes in laws and customs.

President Mustapha Kemal feels that no social event is complete without a full representation of women to give the right atmosphere. He announced accordingly that he would give a large ball, but that no man could be present who did not bring a woman with him. Every prominent man in the city received an invitation, and with a note stating that the special card of admission could not be obtained unless he could arrange to bring a woman with him to the ball. Among the prominent men of Angora there are some who do not enjoy having their wives go to public balls. Such were debarred from attending this ball, however high their position. This ball was one of the most striking events in Angora, the capital of Turkey, during the past Winter.

Mustapha Kemal is one of the interesting personalities of the age and his development has been noteworthy. When quite a young man he was imprisoned by the Union and Progress Party for some supposed disloyalty to their cause. The prison where he was confined was far from being a pleasant abiding place, and he was constantly offered release on condition that he would sign certain papers. This he refused to do, saying that he wished to retain his freedom to work for his country, should he ever be so fortunate as to escape from prison.

His Prison Pastime

In the prison his only entertainment was studying a map of Turkey which he had found in a heap of old papers. The other papers were valueless, but the map happened fortunately to be an especially full one. This map he studied every day as long as there was light, until he became familiar with every feature of it; so familiar that he could have copied it blindfold. The map included not only the Turkey delimited by the peace treaties, but also Mesopotamia, Syria and other outlying regions.

After his experience in prison many dramatic changes took place in Mustapha Kemal's life. Through all of them the accurate knowledge he had acquired of the land which he wished to free has been most valuable. It helped him to guide his army out of difficult positions. It helps him now to vision the needs of his people and to supply those needs. In his speeches he sometimes cites his prison experience to illustrate the wisdom of uncompromising rectitude and of using every opportunity to the utmost.

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Paine writing "The Crisis" before the Battle of Trenton.

The words of Thomas Paine are full of the dynamite that blows up dry-rotted, outworn institutions and creeds, clearing the earth for new construction in the light of the knowledge and idealism of today.

THUS wrote Thomas Paine on a drumhead beside the campfire at the most discouraging point of the American Revolution. The courage inspired by "The Crisis" won the battle of Trenton. As each number was struck off on the hand press carried by the Continental Army, it was read by Washington's orders at the head of each regiment.

It has been said of Paine repeatedly that he put the sword into the hand of Washington. He also put the thought of Independence into his mind. Six months before "Common Sense" (Paine's celebrated pamphlet) was published, Washington declared, when asked for his views on Independence, "If you ever hear of my joining any such measures, put me down for everything wicked."

Paine's Flaming Pamphlet

A few months later Paine's pamphlet "Common Sense" was issued. It completely converted Washington, who called it "sound logic and unanswerable reasoning."

In a large sense Paine developed all the great statesmen of his generation, because they were all nourished on his ideals of free government. And men without number in the generations since then have sought the road that leads to greatness because of the writings of Thomas Paine.

Lincoln discovered Paine when only 25 years of age and according to Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, biographer and most intimate friend, "Paine became a part of Lincoln from 1834 to the end of his life," and Lincoln himself said, "I never tire of reading Paine."

And Thomas A. Edison, who began reading Paine when only 13 years of age, says "Thomas Paine should be read by his countrymen."

Paine Comes to America

Looking back upon those Revolutionary times it seems almost a humorous twist of history that one of the greatest things that Benjamin Franklin ever did for his country was sending Thomas Paine to America.

In 1774, when trouble was brewing, Franklin went to England to patch up a peace with the mother country. At that time the thought of Separation had hardly occurred to any of the men whose names are forever linked with our Independence.

But Franklin had not been long in England before he discovered a young man whose genius so impressed him that he sent him to America with letters of introduction to his friends in Philadelphia.

Within a year that young man had crystallized the thought of the colonists in favor of Separation and war was inevitable. Thus did Franklin frustrate his own peace mission to England!

Revolutionary and Idealist

Paine arrived in Philadelphia in the winter of 1775. He became editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine. The power and originality of his mind, and the vivid and forceful form he gave his thoughts, made many friends.

Among other things he advocated the abolition of negro slavery, anticipating the Emancipation Proclamation by almost a century. He denounced the dueling which was then prevalent. His enlightened views, had they been generally accepted, would have saved Alexander Hamilton.

He was the first to advocate sex equality.

He proposed the education of the children of the poor at public expense—the foundation of our nation-wide public school system. He wrote fervidly for the prevention of cruelty to animals. And he advocated old-age pensions.

He was the first to propose international arbitration and international peace. Most farsighted of all, Paine proposed for the first time in history a great Republic of all the nations of the world, that war might be abolished and justice done.

These are a few of the measures urged by this enlightened champion of human freedom. He was a man ahead of his time.

He was so far beyond his age, that a hundred and fifty years have not been long enough for the world to catch up with him.

Who Wrote the "Declaration of Independence"?

Thomas Jefferson is commonly credited with having written the Declaration of Independence, but "whoever wrote it, Thomas Paine was its author." When he began writing, Washington was still deprecating the idea of Independence, and Franklin was still in England trying to bring about a reconciliation.

Paine, however, did not entertain any false hopes for peace. With prophetic vision he saw that the rupture was inevitable, and turning the matter over and over in his mind, he finally flamed forth with his famous pamphlet entitled "Common Sense."

This pamphlet of forty pages was published on January 10, 1776. Within a few months a million and a half copies were distributed throughout the Colonies.

When war for liberation enveloped the country, Paine joined the Continental Army. He was cited for unusual bravery in action and attached to General Green's personal staff.

Then Paine began writing "The Crisis" to put life into the all-but-smothered fires of Revolution. During the bitter winter of Valley Forge, it was only the personality of Washington and the pen of Paine that kept the starved little army of patriots from disbanding in disgust.

Paine Carries the Fight to Europe

With American Independence won, Paine carried the battle for human freedom into his native England. While visiting his mother, he wrote "The Rights of Man." 120,000 copies of it were sold almost at once. Its devastating satire on things as they were in England threw the authorities into a panic.

The government forbade the sale of the book and attempted to arrest Paine, who fled to France. There followed glorious months of labor with the leaders of French thought. But in the end Robespierre seized the helm of state, and the "Reign of Terror" ensued.

Paine was the only leader who retained his sanity and calmness during this hysterical period. At the risk of his own life he tried to save the life of Louis XVI. But the king was guillotined, and Paine himself was thrown into prison. For nearly a year he lived there in the shadow of the knife. One day he was actually marked for execution, and escaped only by accident.

Great Outcast's Persecuted Books

Paine did not waste his time in prison waiting for death, but devoted his days to writing one of the world's great books, "The Age of Reason." Appalled by the spread of atheism in revolutionary France, Paine urged, as only he could, the worship of God and the love of our fellow-men. Those were his two articles of faith. This epoch-making book shows Paine far ahead of his time, expressing views and opinions that are fresh and fascinating and "liberal" even today.

Thomas Paine never took a cent of profit from his writings. He gave his copyrights to the American Republic he helped to launch. For five generations many of the greatest American minds have been stimulated and enlightened by reading Paine, but most of them came upon his work by accident, for no particular effort has been made to disseminate his writings.

Now the Thomas Paine National Historical Association feels that Paine's inspiring works should no longer be left to find their way by chance into the hands of promising youth. They have undertaken to distribute his complete works, containing material never heretofore published, together with a new biography of Paine by the greatest American authority on the subject, William van der Weyde, President of the Paine Association.

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—Thomas Jefferson.

Others can rule, many can fight, but only Paine can write for us the English tongue.
—Benjamin Franklin.

No writing ever more instantly swung men to its humor.
—Woodrow Wilson.

Paine was a writing man—the very first writing man in America—and I am humiliated that we had to get him from England. Paine is the first American writer who had a literary style and we have not had so many since but that you may count them on the fingers of one hand.
—Elbert Hubbard.

I honor the memory of him and am glad to know that it shines brighter and brighter as time goes on.
—John Burroughs.

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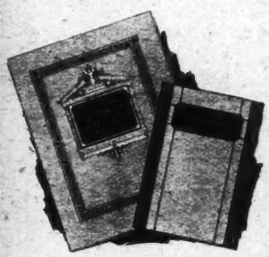

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VIRGIL'S HADES GIVES UP ITS SECRETS TO ARCHAEOLOGISTS

(Continued from Page 3)

the gloom of the grave. In early times the place was inhabited by savage Cimmerians, who dwelt in caves and never saw the light of day. Augustus cleared the impenetrable growth, and drove out this ghoulish race. Today the slopes are fragrant with orange groves and vineyards.

All these changes have left some of Virgil's descriptions vague, at least as far as actual topography is concerned. The "monstrous cave" that yawned on the forbidding shores of Avernus and through which Aeneas plunged into the Inferno is not a settled point with the archaeologists. Several subterranean galleries, natural and man-made, open onto the lake; but the traditional "Gate to Hades" is a dark, wet passage leading from the southern bank.

Contrary to the modern orthodox concept, it is low and narrow, and must be entered humbly, if not a trifle ignominously. One's position on the back of a guide is so unprepossessing, and the atmosphere of the place so gruesome, that the average visitor is willing to accept Virgil's word for the horrors along the Trojan's route. The damp blackness ahead well may be infested with griefs and troubles and disease; by demons of old age and want and fear. The spot seems truly the haunt of centaurs and harpies, of gorgon and kindred monsters.

Where Was the Styx?

The Styx presents another problem. Lake Lucrinus, formerly separated from Avernus by the Tartarean woods, answers the poet's description as regards position. As in his time, a wide causeway of unknown antiquity runs between it and the sea. Legend attributes the mysterious construction to Hercules, who is said to have reared it as a means of crossing the marshes. But the greater part of Lucrinus now lies under Monte Nuovo. During a volcanic eruption in the year 1538, this mountain sprang from a low crater in a single night. It is about 500 feet high and nearly a half mile in diameter. The same eruption buried many Greek and Roman ruins, among them Cicero's famous Academy.

Perhaps this disturbance also wiped out the extraordinary place that suggested to Virgil the course of the grim steersman, for as yet science has found no clue to it—nor to the stagnant asylum of still-born babes to whom the pain of the wicked and the joy of the blessed are alike unknown. Mystery envelops, too, the site of the Mourning Meads, where languished suicides and victims of love. It was here that Aeneas met the shade of Dido, the beautiful Phoenician Queen, who ended her life in despair at his desertion. And here, heedless of his explanations and cold to his entreaties, she turned from him to the arms of her dead husband.

Less elusive, however, seems the domain of stern Rhadamanthus, where offenders against gods or fellow-men were doomed to endless punishment. A completed topography of the Aeneid will undoubtedly identify it with the half-extinct Solfatara. This flat crater of heaving pallid soil was known to the Romans as the Forum of Vulcan. It is still pitted with ventholes that steam with boiling mud or sulphurous gases. One has but to stand beside these ugly gashes and listen to the seething fires beneath to understand why Virgil consigned the guilty and their torturers to the Campi Flegrei.

The grizzled old guide who today presides over the place has no doubts. With a torch he ignites the escaping gases and mumbles some jargon for your amusement—and your ire. At the close of his performance he will announce that he is the one person in all the world who is sure of heaven. You ask him why and he answers: "Because I have lived in hell for forty years. . . . Plenty, plenty, for the worst of sinners!"

The Elysian Fields should be as easily located. The broad stretch of meadow-land between the Avernus hills and the Tyrrhenian reflects Virgil's picture in every detail. There are the lawns of green, the pleasant dales, the white lilies and, in the distance, the "fortunate groves."

Italian archaeology has precedent for its "Aeneid" topography. In the early '60s, Victor Berard, French scholar and diplomat, traced the wanderings of Ulysses to the Campi Flegrei. In proving the Homeric Odyssey to have been a real voyage, he found that the best and wisest of the Greeks, after many perils and marvelous escapes, had sought the Shades in this very place, long before Aeneas's time. Carrying the text of the poem with him, Berard cruised about the Mediterranean, making a detailed examination of the coasts. He used an old log book, whose information had been handed down from the Phoenicians. Homer himself knew its advice and warnings. After months of travel and research, the distinguished scientist succeeded in proving Homer's geography to be in accord with present-day maps.

Buried in Naples

The Italian Government is preparing to commemorate at Cuma, in 1930, the second millenary of Virgil's birth. Although born at Mantua in 70 B. C., at his own request he was buried at Naples. His grave is on a hill that rises above the gulf and faces westward toward the restless country he loved and immortalized. Some scholars have denied that the poet's body was consigned to this spot; yet, Pliny confirms the authenticity of his tomb. St. Paul, stopping at Naples on his way from Melita to Rome and eventual martydom, visited Virgil's grave. Dante, whose own Inferno was inspired by the Aeneid, mentions the great master's resting place. Beside it Petrarch plantted a laurel.

Similar facts and a mass of new evidence have been compiled by Professor Cocchia of the Royal University of Naples and will be presented at the memorial celebration. But this unique gathering of the world's scholars promises to be more than a series of classical conferences and elaborate ceremonies. Italian archaeology hopes to make the event memorable by giving to the public during the sessions the result of its devoted toil, a completed survey of Hades.

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"I'll Never Give Another Party," She Sobbed!

My first party was a dismal failure. I wept bitterly when the guests had gone. In vain my husband tried to comfort me. "I'll never give another party," I sobbed. But one day a friend told me the secret of making folks enjoy themselves. I never dreamed it was so easy.

I'LL never forget that first party my husband and I gave after we were married. We planned it for months. We sent out invitations weeks in advance. We decorated our home specially for the occasion. We ordered an expensive supper. We did everything we could to make our first party a success.

What a great disappointment! The party was a dismal failure. The guests just sat around and looked bored. The most exciting thing they could find to talk about was the weather. Some of them made believe they were having a good time but I knew their laughter was forced. They spoke mechanically—laughed mechanically. Twice I saw men looking furtively at their watches. It was more like a funeral than a party. Then I overheard a remark that actually stunned me.

"What a horrible evening this has been!" one of my women neighborn whispered. She didn't suspect that I was nearby.

"Dear me," came the reply, "I was never so bored in all my life!"

Many of our guests left early—long before midnight. Only a few of our closest friends hung on till the bitter end.

The Millers' Party

A few weeks later my husband and I were invited to a party at the Millers'. What a revelation that party was! And how different it was from ours. There had been no invitations sent out weeks in advance. The house was not specially decorated. The supper which Mrs. Miller served was quite simple and inexpensive. *Yet everybody at the Millers' party had a perfectly wonderful time!*

It was a glorious party. A joyful get-together crowd. How they whooped it up! How they carried on! Everybody playing games, talking and laughing at once. There was as much going on as at a three-ring circus! Everybody seemed young again. Sedate men and women dropped twenty years in twenty minutes. And the young folks! They simply went wild. What pep! What life! What hilarity!

And then there was the supper. . . . Not nearly as fancy or as elaborate as the one I had served. Nevertheless, it was delicious and everyone enjoyed it. And then the guests crowded around the piano and sang until long after midnight.

I Learn the Secret

When the party finally began to break up, I called Mrs. Miller aside.

"Won't you tell me," I asked her, "how you manage to give everybody such a wonderful time? Folks seem to enjoy themselves so much at your house. The games you had were such fun. The songs you played were so delightful. The supper you served was so charming. How do you do it?"

Mrs. Miller smiled mysteriously. "My dear, have you ever heard of 'The Book of Diversion'?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, then, I'll let you in on the secret." She excused herself for a moment. Presently she returned with an attractively bound volume. "Let me read you some extracts from this book," she said. I listened attentively as she read:

"It is a good thing to remember that you can lead a guest to a party—you may even be able to make him play—but you can't make him enjoy himself unless you know the secret. And that secret is—"

She then read on and I at once realized why my party was a failure. The book, entitled "The Book of Diversion," not only explained in detail the principles of making others enjoy themselves, but it showed exactly what to do. There was a wonderfully interesting section called "Play—Indoors and Outdoors," by Jack Bechdolt. This section contained scores of novel and fascinating games, some of which we had played that evening—and what fun they were! I could just imagine the wonderful times in store for us at our next party.

Then there was a section on songs compiled by Deems Taylor, the well-known American composer and musical critic. It contained dozens of delightful songs—campfire songs—cowboy songs—sea songs—college songs—humorous songs—classic songs. All of them special favorites. All of them with words and music printed right in the book.

Then there was a whole chapter of Epigrams compiled by Helen Rowland. It contained hundreds of delightful witticisms. There was a wonderful section of "Favorite Poems" compiled by Franklin P. Adams—the famous "F. P. A." And the last chapter in the book was a chapter on "Food" compiled by Mabel Claire. Many delightful recipes were given.

I thanked Mrs. Miller from the bottom of my heart. The next day I sent for "The Book of Diversion." What a revelation that book has been to me! Now there is never a dull moment at our parties. Time after time our guests have complimented us on our wonderful "good times." Now I know the secret of entertaining successfully. Now I know the secret of showing folks a delightful time. I never dreamed it was so easy.

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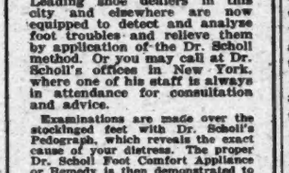

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OLD ARTS ARE REVIVED

(Continued from Page 14)

window glass. One may have the kind known as English crown glass, with its wavy lines and uneven surface. Or one may use an earlier form that looks like the bottom of bottles flattened out. It is known as rondels.

Leaded and colored glass is also being employed in entrance portals, where a square window in the door may be glazed with either clear or opaque panes.

Stained glass work shows a succession of styles, running from the simple and crude Gothic, through the more realistically drawn examples of later times, down to the most modern ones of today. Fierce controversies rage among designers and architects as to the merits of each type of design.

Glass in windows and doors may also be combined with designs worked out in hammered iron. Sometimes, as in a house recently constructed near New York, a design may be silhouetted in lead and used in a small glazed opening in the entrance portal. Often a decorative effect is achieved by outlining the pattern entirely in leads, without the use of colored glass.

More elaborate windows may depend for their effect mainly upon pictorial painting.

***

As aids to making rooms seem larger and lighter, mirrors are growing in favor. This effort of decorative art to help in the housing conditions of the New Yorker is simply a revival of the function of mirrors in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The significance of mirrors in those days is discernible in the numbers used in the finer homes and the art lavished on their decoration. Chippendale's masterpieces, with their elaborate carvings and fantastic designs, and examples of the French cabinet-makers of the period disclose this importance.

With the revival of furnishings of Colonial times and of the early days of the Republic, English and American mirrors in designs of those periods are now in vogue. Specimens of these types are being reproduced with remarkable fidelity from excellent examples of the past.

Placing the Mirror

Of course a mirror must be placed with artistic discretion. This task is rendered easier today by the large variety of good designs and sizes available.

Often a mirror may be placed so that it reflects a window or a vista through to another room. Or it may be hung low above a table. On the table, and before the mirror, a bowl of flowers makes, with its reflection, an attractive point of interest.

The round or girandole mirror is one of the most ornamental types. It has a convex surface and, aside from affording a glistening spot of light in a room, furnishes with its circular shape an often needed contrast to the right-angular lines of table or chest.

The Queen Anne or Georgian type of mirror, with its broad frame of walnut, may be found today in reproduction, original examples of which could be obtained only after long search and at a good price. Excellent reproductions of the so-called Constitution mirrors, the glass surrounded by a flat frame of mahogany and decorated with gilt ornaments at the sides, and an American eagle in wood or plaster at the top, are also to be had. Around the time of the Revolution and later the eagle was much used as decoration. One sees it on old clocks of the early nineteenth century.

Mirrors from interesting Spanish and Italian periods are also being reproduced for use in rooms decorated in those styles. The Spanish looking glasses are richly ornamented, with frames that resemble Spanish picture frames in their rectangular shape, gilt molding and touches of deep color.

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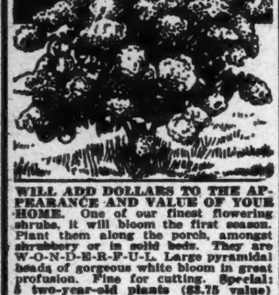

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SCIENCE AND MAN'S FUTURE

(Continued from Page 1)

man's future, built on his wider studies, have become chilled within him.

A virgin soil is fertile; repeated cropping, without manuring, will exhaust the richest land. In the past the higher civilization has produced a similar effect on all her votaries. Lately the writer had an opportunity of examining the skulls and skeletons of men who lived in Babylonia 5,000 years ago; those men had all the outward signs of ability—strong faces and big brains; there are few such men to be found on the lower reaches of the Tigris and Euphrates today.

Egypt led the world for twenty centuries; no one will claim that the Egyptians of today are the equal of their forefathers in leadership, initiative or industry. Civilization exhausted Greece and Rome. When Rome fell, civilization spread into the virgin soil of Western and Northwestern Europe, among bands of people who until then had a contempt for scholarship, business and city life.

The children of these men now lead in the van of civilization; this is their day; the omens for their future are good as yet. Nevertheless, the fact remains that if we take volume of brain as our guide, the modern peoples of European stock do not excel their remote forefathers.

The big-brained have not always won in the battle of life. Neanderthal man, who became extinct in Europe during the ice age, had, in spite of his many simian traits, a brain which in point of size was equal to that of the modern European. The pioneer Caucasian who replaced him is noted for his size of brain; he was tall in body, strong in jaw and stout in limb, fierce, free and untamed. The progeny of such men were not favored when civilization dawned on them, for the civilization of man means his domestication, the eradication of his wild and selfish impulses and the subordination of his will to the written or unwritten laws of his community.

Initiative—the Rebel

The autocratic discipline of ancient empires all the world over made short work of the man of initiative—the rebel in the ranks. Their Governments tended to produce a law-abiding, slavish community, by a continual process of weeding out the independent and the unruly. The governing class itself, composed of men who by initiative and ability had risen to power and privilege, were also brought under repressive influences. Power and wealth tend to make their votaries luxurious; luxury is infinitely more destructive to a family stock than is poverty.

Thus civilization, in the form practiced in Egypt, Greece and Rome, pruned ability from both ends of the social scale; those in command eradicated initiative from the rank and file of the population, while luxury and self-indulgence lopped off the higher families. Man's future depends on how far he can free his civilization from such repressive influences and allow free play to the evolutionary forces which have brought him out of the bondage of his ancient Egypt and placed him in the larger freedom of his promised land. Our hope lies in the wisdom of the larger modern democracies.

Future man has often been pictured as a small-bodied, big-headed being, working out his conduct of life under the pure light of reason. The more we get to know of human nature and of the forces which move men to thought and action, the less are we inclined to accept this view of man's future. We are too prone to underestimate the value and potency of the animal that is in man, plus the inheritance he has brought with him from the jungle; and we are too apt to exalt and overvalue his higher and altruistic qualities, the fortune he has acquired in the more recent stages of his evolutionary journey.

True it is that the trend throughout recent geological periods has always been in the direction of enhancing man's higher qualities and in giving these a more and more nearly complete control over the desires of the body. The modern student believes he has come by a more complete understanding of man's nature and its possibilities than has hitherto been attainable. He realizes that man's higher qualities are grafted on an animal basis, and that to undo this animal basis would be to destroy the mainspring—the driving force—that propels human communities in a forward direction.

If present-day man is to become a godlike creature he must also remain a healthy animal. His brain and body have to move forward together. When we observe the fate of families in modern communities or mark what happened to those which built up the civilization of past times we see that Nature, in selecting, never hesitates as to the family of her choice.

A World of Average

She does not favor the "highbrows," the philosophers, the prudent, the overcautious, but gives the guerdon of multiplication and victory to the men and women who live with zest, who have healthy animal bodies and instincts and are prepared to enter into the full duties of life at all hazards.

Nature does not foster the big-brained and clever; she gives the prize of life to healthy normality—often prospering those that fall short of an average standard. In forecasting the future of man all these circumstances have to be taken into consideration.

The reader may think that I have underestimated the strength which is born of man's idealism. Man becomes more and more the master of his destiny; he obtains an ever-increasing command of the conditions of life; his understanding of the laws of heredity and of breeding continues to advance. He may now or at some future time resolve to smash the wheels of evolution and set himself to build up the manhood of his ideal.

No one who has traced man's history through geological ages will readily give his acquiescence to such a scheme of idealism. If evolution has worked blindly in the past she has also worked beneficently so far as man is concerned; she has endowed him with the gifts of brain and body with which he entered the period of his modern civilization. So far as we can discern, man took no conscious part in his own early advance; his future was shaped in the machinery of nature's evolutionary mill. He was led forward not by reason but by blind impulses.

Among these blind impulses was patriotism—an unreasoning partiality for his own family, for his own kind and for his own country. Patriotism has been one of the main wheels in the machinery of human evolution. It has parted mankind into nations and into races; it tends to keep nations and races apart; it is the cause of war; it is man's most costly endowment and yet it is the source of his highest actions and of his best thoughts.

The writer does not think that a people that sets out deliberately to build up a manhood which answers to an ethical or utilitarian ideal could withstand another people that permits the wheels of evolution and natural selection to revolve freely in its midst. All the portents of the present point to the man of the future as a child of natural selection and of evolution, one who will retain, to a greater or less degree, all those qualities that make up the nature or constitution of modern man.

In the foregoing paragraphs, in which an attempt has been made to read man's future by a consideration of his inherited nature, we have lost touch with the actuality of the world

(Continued on Following Page)

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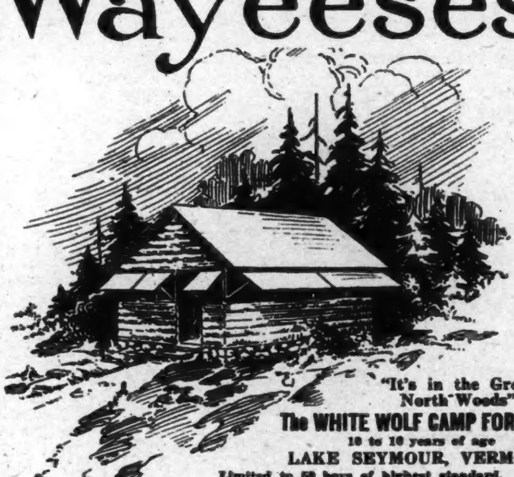

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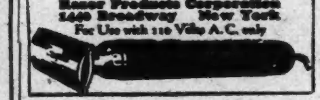

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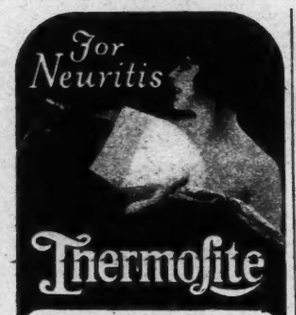

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SCIENCE AND MAN'S FUTURE

(Continued from Preceding Page)

of today. We must glance at the state of affairs that now exists.

We find the earth now populated by one species of mankind, but in the course of time and as a result of evolutionary changes this species has become broken up into local varieties and types of the most diverse kinds.

The world of life has never stood still; we cannot conceive such a state coming about except by universal death. Change is bound to come and we therefore ask this question touching man's future:

Which one of all extant races is destined to inherit the world and in its turn break up into local varieties and types, and so commence a new round in nature's evolutionary mill?

For we cannot doubt that the ancestral stock which gave rise to all modern races of mankind was at first local and from its cradle-land spread slowly abroad until it replaced all the other types and species that had gone before—such as the Neanderthal and the Rhodesian species.

What has happened before we have every reason to think will happen again. A cursory survey of living types will convince the student of human evolution that there are only two serious candidates for the future: the yellow or Mongolian type quartered in his millions in the Eastern half of the continent of Asia, and the European and the white type, confined until three centuries ago to a continental corner of the world.

The writer being a humble representative of the latter type may be blinded by his race prejudice (his love of kind), his racial patriotism. Setting aside partiality, as far as is possible under these circumstances, the writer is of opinion that all the auguries for the future are in favor of a world domination of the white type. This is the type which has seized the bridgeheads of the world and possessed itself of a good third of the earth's available soil.

It was his early discovery of sea-power and his daring seamanship which gave his type this advantageous start. His inventive power, his courage, his readiness to sacrifice life, limb, health and pleasure, qualities which have carried him thus far, show no signs of exhaustion; they seem destined to carry him still further along this evolutionary journey.

There are dangers which may beset him on his way—he may turn luxurious and lazy—he is large-hearted and may be overcome by a sickly sentimentality which will tie his hands and cramp his natural bent. The race that wins, the type that is to dominate, has to be ever courageous, ever fearless.

The Winning Type

The white man has these qualities more than any of the candidates which are straining at the starting post on the race course of the future. To the anthropologist the white man seems to be the winning type.

It may be that in what I have written, in speaking of what the future holds in store for us, I have deeply offended that abstract sense of justice which lies behind the conscience of every living soul. For the spread of one type means the suppression of another. If the writer had followed the dictates of his own desires he would have prophesied smooth things—a future in which men of all colors will agree and lie down together in happy contentment, resolved to retain racial frontiers as they now are and to maintain for all time a stationary world in which there is to be no struggle, no oppression, no slaughter, either active or passive.

He, however, has promised to write as a man of science, to sink his own desires, to follow fearlessly the path along which facts have led him and to face the truth without fear or favor. As far as science can now guide him it points to such a future as he has sought to outline here.

SEA TRAMP IS VANISHING

(Continued from Page 10)

to be our job to put on the others between Sandy-blooming-Hook and Melbourne-blinking-Head. Do it we did, too, even to the crow-black coat which we gave to the outside of the hull while in dock at Melbourne. The only part we left undone was the red of the boot-topping, which was under water and had to wait until the vessel went into dry-dock. As a matter of fact, that was probably never done at all as the good ship was lost off the China Coast not long after I took my hurried and informal departure over the bow in Auckland.

Our ship was probably neither better nor worse than the average tramp of the period. The first month was a pleasant one, lounging through the Tropics toward the Cape of Good Hope. Then conditions changed. Running the easting down from the Cape to Australia was a cold, dreary passage—days and nights of rain and sleet; mountainous seas rolling up behind and washing over the bulwarks amidships so that even in oilskins and rubber boots one could scarcely go from the forecastle to the bridge without a drenching; a leaky, fireless forecastle, hung with dripping clothing, where nothing once wet ever dried.

By this time, too, our fresh vegetables were about exhausted and we were down close to the minimum "pound and pint" required by his Majesty's Board of Trade—salt beef, salt pork, a little rice and "burgoo" (oatmeal), hard tack, an occasional small distribution of fresh bread, and so-called tea and coffee.

Although the fare was hard and the life rough, the work was not too onerous nor was the discipline severe. Conditions were not as free and easy as on the S. S. Walloping Window-blind where

The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
That he's been in his bunk below.

But we did do a gosh-almighty lot of soldiering and were sometimes encouraged in it by the petty officers. The bo's'n remarked once: "Take your time about it, boys. You might as well be doing this as some other work."

The sour and the sweet, the fat and the lean were part of the day's work as it used to be at sea. Now, of course, with the extension of liner services, it is changing; it is growing softer but less interesting. Going are the long, unknown voyages, taking one in the course of a few years almost all over the world. In their place is a shuttle service over a fixed track, good for the family man but poor for the rover. The food is better, but the adventure less. There is increasing comfort but diminishing romance.

The gradual elimination of the tramp steamship in favor of the liner is logical and readily explained. It is part and parcel of the enormous growth in international communication and commerce, of the integration of the world through trade. As H. C. Calvin and E. G. Stuart say in The Merchant Shipping Industry:

"As the more remote regions of the world have been settled and developed and as the flow of traffic to and from these regions has increased in volume and regularity, it has been profitable to place in service in increasing numbers vessels operated on regular schedule. The greater the development of a region, and in consequence the greater the variety of products which are exported and imported, the less subject to seasonal variation its traffic becomes. Under such conditions the number of liners has steadily increased and the function performed by tramps has tended to disappear."

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SKYSCRAPERS IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 11)

proceeds to plan a building on as slender a margin as his loan will permit. He seldom insists on discussing architectural detail. He realizes that the trained man who is paid to do a certain thing knows more of that particular detail than he does. The architect is more free to strike new paths than ever before.

The city ordinances have had still another effect. In an effort to segregate types of buildings—to prevent a garage, for instance, from annoying a residential section—the city encourages concentrated developmnt in solid blocks of buildings and maximum heights. Miraculously groups like the millinery buildings on Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets gather and poke their heads together in the air. The jewelry trade district on Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets makes an amazing jumble of silhouette. The garment trade buildings scattered through the thirties, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, are fantastic in their grouping. Similar developments such as the silk and furniture sections are already under way. Each district produces an architecture related to the practical consideration of its own conditions, its own industry. The fact that the zoning law performed its artistic feat without premeditation is merely one of the curious tricks of fate that makes the new style doubly fascinating.

Built by the Mile

The brownstone epidemic of the eighties and nineties was a movement not entirely dissimilar to that of today. There was a demand for houses, and as there was no policy of any nature to influence the builder, he merely built as fast and as often as he could. A second wave of construction expressed itself in frames of steel and a considerable use of brick. The tall building of the pre-set-back type consisted generally of a box covered with classic motives crowned by a cornice of tin or terra cotta. The owner prided himself on the fact that some particular monument had been the full source of inspiration for the detail, notwithstanding the fact that adjoining a Gothic cathedral might be competing with his Italian palace. The Pulitzer and Flatiron buildings and the Tribune Tower are characteristic of widely acclaimed structures of their day. Actually they are weak in design and do not express the positive character of the tall building.

The structure in the New York style is based on the theory that the shaft of the building can be a strong block of simple design properly crowned by a silhouette in proportion to its verticality. As a result one sees the toy classic temples that now disturb the top of many tall buildings in the financial section are passing out of fashion. Structures like the layer cake of classic orders at Broadway and Fulton Street are just not being done. The tendency is toward simplicity: the elimination of unnecessary decoration and the discard of decorative forms that have no meaning whatsoever.

The Woolworth Building is a superb piece of design that quite correctly has maintained its place as a masterpiece of American architecture. But its influence on design is often to be regretted. The first impulse of a draftsman, facing the problem of the tall unit, is often to start with the Woolworth tradition and perpetuate whatever meed of Gothic may still be his. It has seriously held back the development of fresh design. It still influences men to assume that as Gothic implied verticality, verticality demanded Gothic. Part of the quarrel with remnants of ancient inspiration is the carelessness with which these forms can be thrown together and the ease with which mediocre designs can be ground out.

As the exterior of structure evolves a new form, it is evident that the fittings of the interior must in time follow the new principles. Consider electric illumination. Practically all fixtures are still consecrated to the memory of cardboard or tin candles. Gas or wax taper chandeliers naturalistically decorated with fake wax drip but wired for current, are common. Much of this stuff is quite in keeping with the conglomerations of period furnishings, but as the public appreciates the ridiculous fact, fixtures will be evolved that are practical as well as beautiful. Illumination will eventually demand the hiding of bulbs as a protection to the eye; the projection of light through various forms of material that will soften or tone the light. The few noteworthy examples of the use of modern lighting appliances seen in the Paris Exhibition of 1925 were merely instances of proper illumination divorced from absurd and archaic tradition.

Interior decoration will probably be the last to be affected by the modern note as it is under no particular stress of production. Tradition will hold firmly to the cherished old woods and souvenirs of the past. Gradually, however, it will be discovered that the modeler of ornament, or the craftsman in general, is too much bound to the stock detail and an energetic effort will be made to force him to think on other lines. It is pathetic to realize how little designing is done in most applications of ornament and how completely atrophied the craftsman becomes by the process of copying well known styles.

We may even look forward to the day when such antique furniture as should persist by reason of its artistic value will be deposited in places of distinction as museum memories, and modern furniture will evolve. The antique rage may some day be laughed out of court, and the modern designer set to produce new forms with a charm and a delicacy all their own.

Something has come out of the mad scramble of steel and stone to reach the New York skyline. Already it takes shape in a new architectural style. But as the spirit takes form in the building's outer shell, its influence will surely permeate within. What the ultimate effect on all the useful arts may be no man can possibly foretell.

A MARINE EARTHQUAKE

A SAILING SHIP rounding Cape Horn was caught in a dead calm, something almost unprecedented in that stormy latitude. The sky was filmed with a light haze and the sea flat and lead-colored. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the ship began to shake violently, the masts whipped and bent like fishpoles and everything movable above and below came down with a clatter.

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The fish and the seals had apparently been merely stunned, for when several were struck by one of the sailors they showed faint signs of life. In twenty minutes after the first fish arose to the surface they all began to drop out of sight like pieces of lead. Whether on recovering they immediately dove beneath the water in a panic, seeking safety in the depths, or whether they died from the shock and, instead of floating as dead fish do, were sucked under by some submarine whirlpool, were scientific questions too deep for the skipper.

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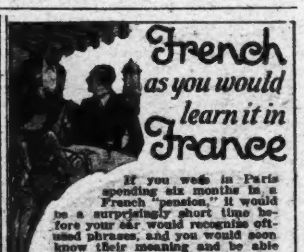

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MADAME DE SEVIGNE ENTERTAINS AGAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

Elie's painting. A portrait by an artist who neglected to sign his name pictures the Marquise as plump to the point of excess, with a double chin and heavy, sleepy-looking eyes. Surely Mme. de Sévigné was never like that.

In Beaubrun's portrait, painted on wood, the Marquise is shown in her twentieth year, her light brown hair hanging in rich curls, with large eyes and fresh and delicate complexion. Her yellow dress with lace corsage exposes only the throat. The Comte de Ternay, present occupant of Les Rochers, Mme. de Sévigné's home in Brittany, lent a full-length picture of the Marquise leaning rather stiffly upon a stone balustrade, but looking more robust than in the Beaubrun sketch.

About Mme. de Sévigné in her salon and gallery are assembled her family, many of her friends—and even her enemies. Her father, the Baron de Chantal, offspring of an old Burgundian family that made its reputation by the sword and who himself was killed at Rhé by the English under Buckingham only a year after the birth of Marie, is a striking figure in his black beard and chevalier's garb—the most indubitably good-looking member of the entire family. His wife, Marie de Coulanges, as she appears in a blue dress, heavily corseted, possesses the slightly defective features attributed to her daughter.

From another frame stand forth the prepossessing traits of Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé of Livry, the uncle who took Marie de Sévigné in hand when she was an orphan of 10, educated her, invested her inheritance and did a great deal to make of her the accomplished woman she became. The abbé was only 29 at the time he undertook this burden.

An Engaging Abbé

The artist must have found in the abbé an excellent subject, one that almost painted itself; for the portrait is one of the most impressive in the collection—as the abbé was perhaps the most thoroughly engaging character of all those who had a part in Mme. de Sévigné's career. Above his priest's frock extends a beautifully proportioned head. The right eyebrow is noticeably higher than the left. The right eye is half closed as in abstraction, while the left is wide open and piercing, as though resolved to be the more alert because of the vagaries of its fellow.

The sharp nose and jaw and firm mouth suggest the man who knew what he was about in the practical world, without obscuring a hint of the mystic with a broad, tolerant understanding. One feels certain that the abbé was a delightful old chap, with whom it would have been a rare pleasure to pass an evening over a pipe and whatever it was they kept in their cellars at Livry in the reign of Louis the Great.

It was a bitter irony of circumstances that Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, whose entire temperament seemed to have fitted her for a simple family life, who passionately desired the security and affection of a fortunate wife and mother, should have married not a solid, reliable person like Christophe de Coulanges, but a blue-blooded wastrel who cared little for her and spent much of his time reducing her fortune, which the abbé's years of guardianship had raised to 100,000 écus, a rather large sum in the seventeenth century. Marie, at the age of 18, was dazzled by the De Sévigné escutcheon and was quite happy in the first days of her married life, when her husband introduced her to the château of Les Rochers, near Vitré, its peaked turrets rising above the dense woods that she learned to love. But seven years later she was a widow. De Sévigné, having quarreled with Chevalier D'Albret over Mme. de Gondran, fought a duel and received a sword-thrust in the breast.

Two children, the Breton estate and many friends remained to help Mme. de Sévigné recover from this scandal. For nearly ten years she led a quiet, relatively uneventful life in the Place Royale in Paris, at Les Rochers on her estate in the Mâconnais, and with the "Rien Bon" at Livry. Her strong emotions became centred upon her children, more especially her daughter. So intense was her affection that when Marguerite married the Comte de Grignan and went to live in Provence, where her husband was Lieutenant-Governor, Mme. de Sévigné found the separation almost unbearable. It was to relieve her own mind and to distract Mme. de Grignan in her new surroundings that she began the correspondence that was to continue for twenty-five years and to contain some of the most famous letters ever written.

Mme. de Grignan, too, is of the present group in the Hôtel Carnavalet. Mignard has done her, in a pose similar to that in which he painted her mother. Charles, Mme. de Sévigné's son, is there also, a fairly undistinguished looking youth. So is Bussy-Rabutin, the cousin from whom Mme. de Sévigné became estranged for several years because of a malicious sketch of her that he included in his "Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules," tales of the intrigues of the ladies of the court that he wrote to entertain his mistress, Mme. de Montgiron, when he was forced to retire from the army and go into exile on his estates.

The long, sensitive face of Nicholas Fouquet, whose downfall as Superintendent of Finance played a notable part in Mme. de Sévigné's career, as well as portraits of La Fontaine, Voiture, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Montespan and other friends and acquaintances of the Marquise are among the oils in the hôtel. When Fouquet was pinced under arrest it was announced that letters from Mme. de Sévagné had been found in the box where he kept his love notes.

The Marquise protested that there had been nothing compromising about the correspondence, and Bussy obtained from Le Tellier, the Minister who examined the documents, a corroboration of this avowal. But the letters were not published. During Fouquet's three-year trial, which developed into a sort of Dreyfus case, La Fontaine and Mme. de Sévigné ardently went to his defense, and the Marquise's letters to Pomponne describing the trial are among her masterpieces. But Fouquet, whom Louis XIV feared, was, nevertheless, imprisoned for life.

A portrait that is of interest and yet seems a bit anomalous in such a collection is that of Ninon de Lencios, whose chief distinction is that two generations of Sévignés—the Marquise's husband and her son—succumbed to her charms. "She is dangerous, that Ninon," said Mme. de Sévigné. There appears no doubt that she was. Her likeness, showing her a plump, attractive young woman, is placed away from the light in Mme. de Sévegné's gallery.

It was amid such distractions, surrounded by a family that on the whole was scarcely worthy of her overpowering affection, that Marie de Sévigné, as Sainte-Beuve expressed it, "let her pen trot along, the reins on the neck," writing in such a colorful, animated fashion that she found a place "without desiring it and without suspecting it in the first rank of the writers of our language."

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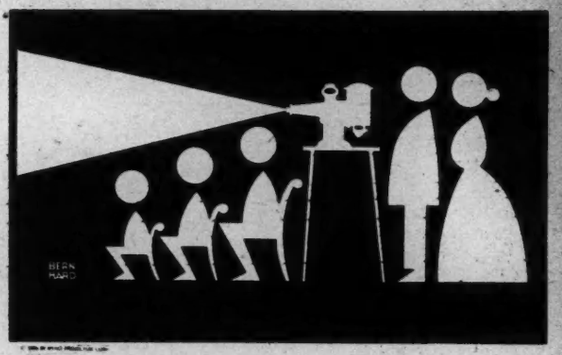

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